

# THE ACADEMY

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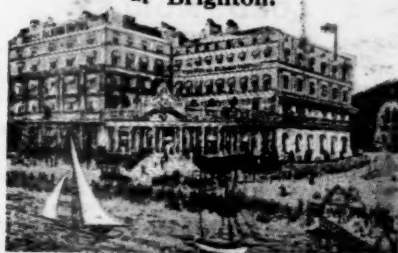
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## Notes of the Week

THE case of Laura Grey, as she chose to be called, appeals to the writer somewhat vividly. Mr. Hornung has in a charming manner depicted the fine qualities of the girl's nature before her understanding became warped by the noxious teaching of those whose mission it appears to be to destroy on the one hand the charms of womanhood, and on the other to prove conclusively the limitations of female natures and their unfitness to take part in pursuits which are really foreign to them. The writer's experience of the unfortunate girl was confined to the two occasions when she stood charged with arson before the Bench to which he belongs. She was charged with another woman of a very different type, whose behaviour was insolent and suggestive of ill-breeding. Laura Grey's demeanour was not objectionable, so long as the proceedings lasted; but when the adjournments took place, and she joined the crowd of ill-favoured women who had thronged the jury-box, her manner ceased to be refined. Now for two outstanding features of the case. There is no doubt that the girl was a paid member of the militant section; there is no doubt that money was behind her, because the Bench required bail for the two prisoners in the sum of £8,000, and on each of the two occasions when the case was adjourned the unsavoury crowd of women who were in court were able to satisfy

the police that the sureties offered were substantial. The prisoners were committed to the Assizes; a true bill was found, and they were sentenced to three years' penal servitude. Laura Grey hunger-struck, and she was released in the course of a few weeks. She was presented with a medal "for valour" by her employers; but if the writer is not mistaken, she was discharged from their service because she could be no longer useful in committing outrages, on account of her identity being so well known to the police. It is not therefore unreasonable to suggest that when her usefulness ceased, and her womanly qualities had been defaced, she was consigned to the gutter, to descend from the status of crime to that of depravity.

The Lords do not intend to be rushed over the Amending Bill. If Lord Lansdowne's speech has any meaning at all it is that the peers are alive to the "confidence trick" methods of the Government. Better make a stand in the last ditch than not make a stand at all. Every possible means left to what passes for our Second Chamber must be used to defeat the Government's wicked designs on Ulster. It is a thousand pities the Unionist leaders did not take the course we advised in February last. They should not have been parties to the voting of supplies until the Home Rule Bill had been deprived of its most insidious element. All talk about dislocating the finances of the country was wholly out of date. The precious Budget of 1909 renders such a plea inadmissible to-day. If the Lords want support for any action they may take they can surely find it first in the series of conversions which have followed the visits to Ireland of Radical politicians anxious to see things for themselves, and secondly in the deputation which waited on Mr. Asquith on Monday afternoon. Lloyd George's finance is playing ducks and drakes with the business of the country. When a Mond is party to squeals over Radical taxation for objects not yet approved by Parliament, we may indeed feel that Radical autocracy is coming to judgment.

We are constrained to hope that the Irish National Volunteer movement may, however late in the day, complete the opening of sane Radical eyes to the great achievement of the Government. Ministers have simply turned Ireland, which they took over in a state of peace greater than she had known for centuries, into a couple of armed camps. We attach importance to the I.N.V.'s, not because we have any fears that they might for a single moment successfully challenge the U.V.'s, but because they show the risks involved in stirring up passions which it will require a statesmanship certainly not to be found in the Radical ranks to allay. The I.N.V. movement in a military sense may be little better than a travesty: the Southerners, we are assured, do not take themselves seriously as the Ulstermen do. But they take themselves sufficiently seriously not to allow Mr. Redmond to assume the rôle of a Carson in directing and controlling their organisation. Mr. Redmond may well be both annoyed and

astonished. He has so long been in the habit of issuing his orders to the Government and seeing them punctually obeyed that he cannot understand the refusal of the National Volunteers to place themselves under his wing. They are out to fight for Home Rule, and they refuse to take orders from the Home Rule leader. How absolutely Irish the whole thing is!

Dr. Page, the American Ambassador, in his talk at the Royal Institution on "Aspects of American Democracy," did not seem to hold out very much prospect of improvement in the conditions which the present generation has to face. The dominant note of American life, he said, is hopefulness, and the real aim of American democracy is to provide opportunity for the children. It is a self-denying ordinance which, with some experience of American democracy so called, we must confess we should never have suspected. American democracy is just as real—that is to say, as unreal—a thing as British democracy, or French democracy, or any other. There can be no democracy in a country of Bosses and Trusts. Our observation of the really honest democrats in America suggests that they have grown almost to despair of bettering things. The true reformer in America goes in danger of his life: his success would destroy too many vested interests. And if the Trusts were broken to-morrow, the country would find itself in the grips of the Knights of Labour the day after. Even in democracies someone must be on top. Democracy is an ideal. The world has never yet seen it in practice.

What it means to a country to have men on top has been strikingly illustrated this week by President Wilson and ex-President Roosevelt—captains both, whatever we may think of certain of their public actions. President Wilson in the northern continent has made re-discovery of America's credit and honour, and Mr. Roosevelt has made discoveries of another sort in the heart of the southern continent. In their respective ways the achievements of the two men are equally notable; and quaintly enough, both turn on waterways which the Americans may be said to have added to the map. The repeal of the shameless preferential clause in the Panama Tolls is a personal triumph for Mr. Wilson: he has rescued ninety millions of people from a position of international obloquy. Mr. Roosevelt's river may or may not be as important a fact as he himself thinks: his adventures were at least extremely interesting and trying. It is something to have penetrated so far into the Brazilian unknown, and there are doubtless Fellows of the R.G.S. who will be glad, at no distant date, to avail themselves of his proffered letters of introduction should they choose to follow in his footsteps.

Excellent work has been and is being done by the Unionist Social Reform Committee; its inquiries into and reports on social problems which the next Unionist Government will have to take up have turned the members of its various sub-committees into the most compact

bodies of social economic experts in the country. And its public spirit is fine. Conclusions arrived at mainly in the interests of the Unionist party are made as readily available to political opponents. This week's report is a valuable indication of the lengths to which State interference in Labour questions should go. It suggests State control of conditions of employment, State intervention in disputes, and the minimum wage according to the nature of service. The proposal to adopt the Lemieux Act now in force in Canada would be more interesting if there were some qualifying hint of the necessity of compulsion. Public opinion will not always secure justice: the only element of weakness in the report is that it does not propose to remove the immunity of Trade Union Funds. They are the one means by which recalcitrant Labour can be brought to reason in times of crisis.

Great Britain is having her ups and downs just now in the world of sport. The British cavalry officers were decisively beaten in the jumping competitions at the Olympian Horse Show. By way of compensation the British polo team at Meadow Brook astonished friends and opponents alike by Saturday's victory over the American team—almost as sensational an event as—shall we say?—the triumph of the British golfers over Mr. Travers and Mr. Ouimet—and on Tuesday they made good their advantage by winning the Cup. The Derby was won by a French horse which at Chantilly did not even secure a place. In international sculling the Englishman, last year's winner, was badly beaten by the Italian. And so the glorious uncertainty of it all continues. Meantime cricketers who have been protesting against the growing popularity of golf may breathe again. The return match of Surrey against Essex drew a crowd of 6,000 people to Leyton on Saturday last. Englishmen, therefore, after all, have not entirely abandoned their interest in the national game. Lawn tennis, we believe, is still being played, and a certain number of people are preparing in the usual way for Henley.

The excellent seamanship of Captain Roberts, of the American liner *New York*, is now placed on record as the means by which another great disaster at sea was avoided. The *Pretoria* and the *New York* just scraped each other as it was, but the passengers all agree that Captain Roberts acted in a terrible emergency with sound judgment and admirable coolness. A small incident of the affair is distinctly amusing; one dear lady, we are told, refused to sign the document presented by the passengers to the captain in praise of his good management, "because she heard him use forcible language from the bridge to the captain of the *Pretoria*." This is simply delightful. Did she, we wonder, expect him to shout through his megaphone courteous phrases of warning—to say that he was sorry to be so troublesome, but the *Pretoria* was coming uncomfortably close, and unless something was done immediately he very much feared there might be a collision?

## Youth that is Free

*Lines on a GARDEN PIECE by Charles Sykes, designed for Lord Montagu's grounds at Beaulieu. The figure of a young girl, an immortal, is seen for a moment in the sunshine.*



### I.

In the earliest days  
Ere life's glories had set,  
When Time was a cherub  
Who knew not regret,  
From the woods and the waters  
Paradisical lawns  
Oft welcomed the footfall  
Of nymphs and of fauns.

### II.

To-day, in a forest  
Where rivers run near  
Young Nature adventures  
A peep at our sphere.  
Some hint of romances,  
Enveloped in flowers,  
Has called to her world  
From this worn world of ours.

### III.

In the sunshine at Beaulieu  
Where sweet silence reigns  
She poised for a second—  
And for ever remains.

For the sculptor, so cunning,  
Whose eyes see beyond  
Our own narrow vision,  
Holds beauty in bond.

### ENVOI.

Ah, reader, perhaps  
You're neglectful of Pan  
And his friends who hold revel  
A long summer's span;  
I pray you return now  
And worship with me  
This delicate spirit  
Of youth that is free.

EGAN MEW.

## Eminent Bookmen and their Opinions

### I.—MR. JOHN MURRAY, C.V.O.

LITERARY England is justly proud of its historic publishing houses, and to none of them does it acknowledge a larger debt of appreciation than to that which has been ruled for nearly a century and a half by the dynasty of Murray. With the great record of the Albemarle Street house are for ever associated the names and works of many of the brightest stars that shone in the firmament of English letters during a period of exceptional brilliancy. Byron, Scott, Borrow, Southey, Burns, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, Milman, Hallam, Grote, Crabbe, Mrs. Somerville, Croker, Lockhart, Horace and James Smith, Darwin, Stanley, Gladstone, Livingstone—these names, and others of not less secure literary fame, are on the roll of the clients of the House of Murray, which, under the guidance of its hereditary chiefs, has consistently lived up to its high traditions. To-day, with John Murray the Fourth at its head, it still worthily maintains its place among the foremost publishing houses, not only of England, but of the world.

That it should have owed its foundation to a follower of the profession of arms is a rather curious fact; but the original *métier* of John Murray the First was that of an officer of the Royal Marines. Retiring on half-pay in 1768, he purchased a bookselling business in Fleet Street, and undertook some ambitious publishing ventures, with varying degrees of success. His son, John Murray the Second, was a minor at the time of his father's death, but later on, after sundry enterprises in association with the then bearers of two other famous publishing names, Longmans and Constable, started the *Quarterly Review* in conjunction with Sir Walter Scott, to whom he had previously paid a thousand pounds for a quarter-share of the copyright of "Marmion." These enterprises he followed up by securing from Byron the copyright of "Childe Harold," which had previously been rejected by Mr. Miller, of

Albemarle Street, whose business he thereafter acquired, thus establishing himself in the home of many literary memories with which the name has ever since been associated.

During the long life of John Murray the Third, who joined his father in or about 1827 and survived until 1892, the great and flourishing house, as it had then become, saw many important developments—among them the inauguration of the famous series of Handbooks and a large extension of enterprise in the direction of educational works, while the names of authors of the highest eminence in various departments of literature jostled each other upon its lists.

To the readers of this paper it may be of interest to recall the fact that it was to the third John Murray that THE ACADEMY owed its start in life. Its original promoters, in the early 'seventies, had in him a sympathetic friend and a willing *deus ex machinâ*; but, before the successfully launched review had been long in existence, he found himself so little in touch with what seemed to him the ultra-liberal theological outlook favoured by its first editor that he felt bound to free himself from responsibility for the paper, which thereupon passed into other hands.

There is no need to prolong this necessarily slight abstract of the history of the house by dwelling upon the ability and success with which its best traditions have been upheld under the *régime* of John Murray the Fourth, its present head. That is, indeed, a matter of common knowledge; but it is specially pleasant to record the fact that his son, John Murray the Fifth, is now rendering active assistance in the conduct of the business, and—cultivated book-lover and keen man of affairs that he is—already gives sure promise of eventually carrying on with undiminished prosperity and distinction the work of his predecessors and namesakes of four generations.

The home of the House of Murray in Albemarle Street is a great deal more than the headquarters of a great publishing firm. As all who have ever been its guests are aware, it is also a literary museum of unique treasures and of almost inexhaustible interest. Beneath its roof—under which Scott and Byron foregathered in the days of John Murray the Second—is stored a collection of manuscripts, souvenirs, and portraits of illustrious men of letters which would be the making of any half-dozen exhibitions of such memorials. We may mention that some of the Albemarle Street treasures are at present on loan to the great Book Exhibition at Leipsic. The manuscripts and autograph letters preserved here are of extraordinary value and interest. Among them are to be seen the complete manuscripts of Byron's "Childe Harold" and many of his other works, and Scott's "The Abbot"; revised proofs as they left the hands of many other immortals who were clients of the Murrays, and letters and manuscripts innumerable from the pens of "men of light and leading" of diverse orders of fame and of successive generations. The objects of interest include a travelling

writing-desk which was in constant use by Scott, a snuff-box which belonged to Byron, containing a lock of the poet's hair, and a screen designed by him, adorned on its respective sides with pictures of the theatrical favourites and leading prize-fighters of the time; a brace of pistols which Sir John Moore was carrying when he received his death-wound at Corunna, and a watch that was once the property of Warren Hastings. The portraits which the house contains—not a few of them by leading English masters—are of an interest commensurate with that of the manuscripts, most of the great writers whose names have already been mentioned having their presentments on the walls, with other famous figures, including such heroes of travel and exploration as Franklin, Parry, Richardson, and Livingstone.

A word about the rare and beautiful books, collected by successive representatives of the Murray family, which are among its most prized possessions. There is no opportunity to say more than that they are a continuing joy to every bibliophile who comes within range of them, including a first-folio and a second-folio Shakespeare and a remarkably fine "Caxton." The man who has not penetrated beyond the business portion of the Murray domain in Albemarle Street has missed an experience full of fascination and intense interest for every worshipper at the shrines of the *dü majores* of a mighty period in the history of English letters.

Surrounded by these memorials of the historic past, one may be tempted to seek from the present head of the house an expression of opinion as to the trend and effect of the modern developments which have so markedly influenced the world of books in general, and the conditions of the publisher's business in particular, within very recent times. Mr. Murray, who bears his sixty-three years with an almost jaunty lightness, and who reveals a spirit no whit less buoyant than that of John Murray the Fifth, who sits by his side, has manifestly no trace of pessimism in his mental composition. But he is far too alert to ignore the teaching of facts; and he recognises that publishing conditions have been made more strenuous in these times by various circumstances, of which one of the chief is the extreme shortness of the life of a new book. The cry for something fresh is constant and insatiable. From the publisher's point of view, he will tell you, there are nowadays three sharply defined periods in every year, bounded respectively by the three annual holiday seasons; and a book that is issued during any one of these periods—unless it is a work of altogether exceptional importance and success—may for all practical purposes be counted as dead when the next holiday interval is reached. The fact has also to be considered that comparatively few people in these days have leisure, inclination, and housing-space for the formation of anything worthy of the name of a library, unless it be one composed of the cheap popular editions which are now produced in such abundance.

On the question of these cheap issues, Mr. Murray is emphatically of opinion that a shilling should and indeed must be the "bed-rock" price, and that the "sevenpenny" in cloth as a lasting institution is impossible, since it can leave no adequate margin of profit to anyone concerned. With regard to the possibility of popularising the paper-covered volume in this country he owns himself sceptical; and, in illustration of the marked difference between the Continental and the English point of view in this matter, he shows a French edition of so important and permanent a work as "The Letters of Lord Byron," produced in a flimsy yellow-paper wrapper which already shows signs of perishing, though the volume has had very little handling, and bids one compare it with the stout and durable style in which even works in pamphlet form issued by his own house are bound and produced. Book-buyers in this country, he believes, would be slow to reconcile themselves to the association of easily perishable covers with books having any claim to real and enduring literary value.

Turning to the question of the circulating libraries and the powerful position they have acquired in these latter days, Mr. Murray makes it clear that he does not share the feeling of hostility which they seem to have evoked in some quarters; and he points out that they do an inestimable service to contemporary literature by enabling books of merit and value to be published which would have no chance of production if it were necessary to depend upon sales alone. He is, however, none the less decisively of opinion that any organised "censorship" of literature is not only undesirable in theory but impossible in practice. While sympathising heartily with the troubles of the book-sellers, Mr. Murray feels that these—like the troubles of the publishers, both here and in other countries—are mainly due to the great existing overproduction. On the vexed problem of the "superfluous" book, he confesses his inability to see any effective means of suppression. The mere fact that there will always be publishers who are prepared to issue books at the author's risk makes the problem, he thinks, an insoluble one.

In speaking of the general outlook in contemporary literature, Mr. Murray allows his reasoned optimism once more to assert itself. The average level of literary talent, he thinks, is higher to-day than at any previous period, though he is fain to own that we do not live in an age of literary giants. The services that John Murray the Fourth has rendered to the craft of letters are too well known to need recital here, although it is impossible to forbear all reference to his gallant leadership of the successful side in the memorable "book-war" of a few years ago. Of the personal popularity of the "Fourth" it is unnecessary to speak; if we were to do so, it might be thought that we had an overmastering affection for a man and a house who have stood for all the best traditions of literature.

ALFRED BERLYN.

## Some Futurist Jokes\*

SIGNOR MARINETTI continues to jest with such fluency that it is not easy to keep pace with him, but one of his latest jokes is so very remarkable that it cannot go entirely unwept, unsung. Neither of the participles lacks its justification. If the following remarks shall seem to many readers to have little in common with their conception of a song, neither will the constituents of "Zang Tumb Tumb" appear to them exactly to discharge the function of "poems"; as to the weeping, it is customary to weep over a demise, and the conviction is forced upon our reluctant minds that "Zang Tumb Tumb" is the swan-song of Futurist literature. It is a pity, for the first essays in this *genre* were so promising of amusement. Now it is but too evident that there is nothing more to be done in this direction; a bridge has been built to carry a jest, but it will bear nothing heavier; "Ponte" is an allegory of the system of poetics that produced it.

What is poetry? A whole chorus of confused answers comes; we shall not give our own. All the hundred answers have something in common, having indeed to do with the explanation of permanent characteristics of the human mind, and we shall always believe that the broader the basis, the truer the truth. Mankind never discovered how to make war or love or poetry; it has made them because it could not help itself; it has altered its methods of making all three, but gradually and continuously; there never has been a revolution. Tiny reforms act much more immediately than drastic ones. Sadowa was won by a slight improvement in the pattern of a rifle; at Crécy the French employed cannon for the first time, and we are told that "the English do not appear to have noticed them." Poetry has throughout the ages involved the notion of articulate speech, and the greatest poets have generally been the most articulate; Signor Marinetti wishes to persuade us that poetry is perfectly inarticulate; that, to achieve it, all we have to do is to "in-ebbriarsi della vita"—just gurgle or scribble—gurgle first, scribble afterwards, then gurgle again. We have heard that, at one of Signor Marinetti's recitations, a candid critic said that the poem recited—we believe it was "Ponte"—was sheer nonsense, but that the reciter had made it sound like something rather fine; to which Signor Marinetti replied that the poem was, on the contrary, the finest poem that had ever been seen, but that he, the reciter, was wholly incapable of doing it justice.

Typographical limitations debar us from giving any adequate notion of the newest poetry; besides, the demonstration of the "Art of noises" at the Coliseum will probably include some recitations; the announcements, oddly enough, are not drawn up in Futurese. But everybody ought to have a look at "Zang Tumb Tumb"; there is food for at least five minutes'

\* *Zang Tumb Tumb*, Adrianopoli, Ottobre, 1912. *Parole in Libertà*. By F. T. MARINETTI. With Portrait. ("Poesia," Milan.)

laughter, even, or especially, for those ignorant alike of Italian and Futurism; Italian scholars with a capacity for being shocked must be cautioned.

Another good joke is the manifesto against "Parsifal" and the tango; the latter, it appears, is a dance in which the partners gaze into each others' mouths "comme deux dentistes hallucinés"; as to "Parsifal," it may be guessed what Signor Marinetti's opinions are; but chiefly we are bidden remember that "ce n'est pluus chic." Another good joke was the lecture on clothes, but, like so many good jokes, it numbered chestnuts among its ingredients, and required to be served piping hot, so we must let it alone.

## Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

### XI.—SIR GILBERT PARKER.

SIR,—You will not, I trust, resent it as an impertinence that I address this letter to you through the medium of THE ACADEMY for all the world to read, instead of through the ordinary channel of the post for your own private benefit. I do so because I am fearful you may regard some of the things I have to say as so utterly absurd that you might be inclined to consign my words to the flames with rather less compunction than you showed when burning certain of your earlier effusions. No man within my knowledge has ever been at greater trouble than yourself to assure the world of his own pre-eminence; certainly none has ever been more happy in the conceit. On the few occasions when it has been my privilege to rub shoulders with you, I have been charmed with your genial good nature; I have even caught the spell of your enthusiasm, and I should never have thought from personal contact that the author of "The Seats of the Mighty" considered himself the occupant of one of those seats.

It is a revelation of character to leave the author and turn to a study of his work. To my mind, the prefaces to the Imperial Edition of your novels constitute the most monumental literary edifice in self-appraisal ever given to a public prepared to take the man it likes at his own valuation. Ability to detect the utter worthlessness of popular applause in matters of art is not one of the gifts vouchsafed you. You are no better than a Marie Corelli or a Hall Caine in that respect. Record sales and a collected edition, to you as to them, are absolute guarantees of superlative merit. In politics you naturally only admit the sound judgment of the majority when it votes in favour of your side. In literature you see no reason to adopt any other criterion of popular sense and good taste, inasmuch as for nearly a quarter of a century the verdict has been yours. What, however, frankly surprises me is that you do not carry sufficient ballast or possess the necessary modicum of humour to enable you to regard your success with a measure of philosophic modesty. On the contrary, success has merely convinced you in your prime that the generous self-estimates of youth were

wholly warranted. You have clearly come to consider yourself as one of the Immortals even while mortal. In your view it has become a matter of first-rate historical literary importance that the world should be let into the secrets of the sanctum whence came the masterpieces of Gilbert Parker. How grateful we all should be that you permit us to know you wrote "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" in four weeks, that it possessed you, and that until it was ready to be given to an impatient public you moved "as in a dream."

More conclusive proof of the gestation of genius we could hardly find. Then the complete obsession to which alone we owe "The Seats of the Mighty"! Think of the sublime spectacle of "the slave of his subject" showing himself still "the master of his material." Who would imagine from this that the author, true to the instinct of his earlier journalistic experience, had been to Quebec, the very atmosphere of which is romance, to gather material for his novel in the manner of the born reporter? "I believe," you tell us, "that every book which has taken hold of the public has represented a kind of self-hypnotism on the part of the writer." In some cases, apparently, the hypnotic state continues long after the precious effort is complete. What do you tell us of your South Sea stories? You go so far as to admit that others might have written them better—inconceivable!—"but none could have written them with quite the same turn or touch or individuality." A Meredith or a Stevenson might have handled the identical theme and have produced a masterpiece, but I suppose we are to understand that neither would have produced the work of a Parker. I agree.

Your exalted view of the art of fiction and the place it should hold in the national life has my entire approval. Without fiction, if I may be permitted a paradox, life would be much less real. Our Merediths and our Hardys are indispensable to our national economy, and there is need, too, for our Parkers, however little there may be for the Corellis and the Caines. But, sir, you only make yourself ridiculous with your airs, when you turn a public liking for the mostly melodramatic children of your brain into a hall-mark of genius. To such a length have you carried your proclamation of your own quality that, when I read the following passage in an article of yours, I felt you had inadvertently omitted something: "Fiction is not a mushroom trade, a mere side-show of literature, but an art inherently as old as the oldest. Indeed, the storyteller, the first historian of life, is the master of all other artists in essence—as was Ptah, the father of the gods—incarnating himself at last through sixty centuries into at least three master-craftsmen whom it is the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race to have produced—Scott, Dickens and Thackeray." No, sir, the missing name is not Shakespeare: it is neatly covered by the reservation "at least." You shall have one guess. You are right, but I quite see that there are occasions when modesty compels silence.

There must be, I am afraid, a critical kink in what passes for my mental equipment. I have

been assured by readers of your novels that quite one of the best, in some respects the best, is "The Pomp of the Lavillettes." I am told it has the atmosphere of old French Canada. It is a good enough story of the sensational, improbable kind, but to me the atmosphere is as much that of the Old Adelphi as of Old Canada. A friend of mine who, I believe, has read every word you have written, was asked recently what he really thought of your novels. His answer was: "I have found some jolly good stuff in Gilbert Parker, and one never knows when one may come upon a really fine thing from him, but"—and here he shook his head—"he has written some awful tosh!" I should not pass "tosh" as a first-class expression in literary criticism, but, assuming that it is a word of some significance, I should say that a specimen of "tosh" unrelieved is this: "For us who write songs, tales or histories, nature and beauty repay us by so much as we let them come near to our souls. The nearer we let them come the more generously are we repaid." I hope you have been repaid in full. My belief is that you have got more real satisfaction out of your political work than out of your literary, the prefaces notwithstanding. You are a fine type of the Empire patriot: that flag incident at Bonaventure stands for the real Parker. Your grip of such problems as small ownership commands my unqualified admiration, and no one can doubt for an instant either your intellectual acumen or your public spirit—which only makes all the more remarkable your prefatorial self-propaganda.

I am, sir,  
Your very obedient servant,  
CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

## The United States Justly Viewed\*

BY COSMO HAMILTON.

MR. JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY has been well advised to collect a number of his valuable and enlightening essays which have appeared from time to time in the *Fortnightly Review* and the *Century Magazine*, and been read by a small but appreciative number of people. It is to be hoped that the present volume, in which are included two hitherto unpublished papers, the one on "The Monroe Doctrine" and the other on "American Foreign Relations," will be widely read, especially by our politicians, whose ignorance of people and places outside Europe is very pitiful and dangerous, and who cannot be brought to understand that the United States is anything more than a vast comic country in which "spit and splendour" are the chief characteristics, where cowboys and broncho-busters hold up millionaires in Fifth Avenue, and in whose Senate bull-neck "bosses" sit merely in order to feather their nests. Especially it is to be hoped that the

Ministers of the present Government will study Mr. Whelpley's wise and dignified essay on "Mexico and the United States," in which they will discover to their surprise and chagrin that there is at any rate one man at the head of a great nation's affairs who remains honest in spite of all temptations and political pressure, and whose personal honour has not been sacrificed upon the altar of commerce and popularity.

In these times of degenerate governments and political knavery it is tremendously inspiring to read Mr. Whelpley's estimate of President Wilson's calm strength and probity in dealing with the crisis in Mexico, with which he is and has been faced, and to realise the splendid example he is setting to the governments of other nations by his steel-like determination to do the right thing against the slander of the Press and the Gargantuan efforts of the Standard Oil Company. How distasteful it must have been for the British Government, finally and after many struggles, to give its support to President Wilson in the position which he has adopted and held with such tenacity and courage, is only to be understood fully by those who know how closely several of our Ministers are commercially connected with the oil industry in Mexico, and how they, like the Standard Oil Company of the United States, are not specially concerned with the well-being of the unoffending Mexicans so long as dividends come regularly to hand.

If [writes Mr. Whelpley] the United States, when the right moment arrives, should present an ultimatum to the factional leaders of Mexico's armed and political forces, and the representatives of all other Powers interested signified their approval of, and their intention to support, the position of the United States, there seems reason to believe that the outcome might be successful. This would rest largely with England, for Germany has from the beginning expressed and shown her willingness to leave the matter entirely in the hands of the American Government. Whatever mischief may have been caused at the beginning by the doubt which existed as to England's position would probably be neutralised by the unqualified support the English Government now seems willing to give the American Government in its efforts to bring about an effective settlement of Mexican troubles.

It will be seen that Mr. Whelpley writes "the unqualified support the English Government *now seems willing to give.*" What a world of distrust lies behind those three small words!

To invade Mexico with an armed force for the purpose of bringing about safety for life and property does not mean merely inflicting punishment upon an opposing force. It means taking charge of the whole show and running it in detail until it is safe to leave it in native hands once more. . . . To invade Mexico would mean to make war upon the Mexican people, the majority of whom are innocent of offence, and, as things are now, have no grievance against the foreigner. That they would have, should foreigners attempt to control their country, is inevitable; and it is to avoid not only the bill of costs for the American people, but arousing the Mexicans to undying hatred

\* *American Public Opinion.* By JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

and prolonged resistance, that President Wilson is pursuing his policy of watching and waiting. The man most concerned is the President of the United States, and others can afford to give him the free hand he desires to work out a solution of a most difficult and trying problem. There is every reason that he should want to prove that he is right, and there are many who have faith that he will do so in the end.

Whether he does or not, the man whose duty it will be to write a history of these times will certainly find himself drawing a comparison between the upright and dignified and honest methods of this "Professor" politician and those to which none of these words can be applied which have been practised by the professional politicians of Great Britain, and it will be very much to the detriment of the latter.

Among the other questions dealt with by Mr. Whelpley with the same illumination and good sense are public opinion and the tariff, the American people and their diplomats, America in the Far East, Japan and the United States, food as an international asset, and the land of the optimist. The last-mentioned paper, which is the first in the book, sums up the character and conditions of the United States more clearly, fairly and intelligently than anything else that we have read. As the essayist truly says, there are only two sources of information as regards the United States. "One is the Press, which quite naturally deals almost exclusively with the unusual and the sensational, and the other is Wall Street, a most notoriously inaccurate reflector of real conditions and an alarmist without intelligence."

To one who has lived for two or three years in the country, who has spent some time in its big cities, and who has taken the trouble to make a study of its many domestic problems, it is a matter of great admiration that this optimism to which Mr. Whelpley pays tribute remains an unplumbed well. There must be something wonderfully stimulating in the clean air, in the red rock which was grappled with so courageously by the early pioneers, and in the knowledge of the immense resources of the country that enables men like Mr. Wilson to fight against a corrupt and powerful press, a network of Trusts, and a constant in-pouring of alien emigrants who, in the unseen parts of the cities, sow the seeds of mental and physical diseases which are as difficult to eradicate as the mustard weed in the vast acres of Canada.

The truth of it is that a great deal that was fine and strong and forthright in those men and women who went over in the *Mayflower* has remained in the blood of the true and genuine American, and he, although he is to the casual observer few and far between among the vast hordes of Jews and Poles and Swedes and the rest who call themselves Americans, remains the solid backbone of the country of which he is naturally so proud. It is his heritage, and he is, as a rule, unrecognised, seeing to it that he leaves it better than it came to him. There are splendid men in the Navy and the Army, in Law and Politics, Medicine and the Church, whose key-notes are optimism, patriotism and duty, and who are

quietly but steadily re-adjusting the chaos brought about by the peculiar standard of business and political morality which, like the gin-bottle of the man at the heels of the missionary, followed the early pioneers. At the moment, these men are leading a bloodless revolution against disorder, lawlessness, disease and dishonesty. They are setting their immense and indescribable house in order. The consequence, as Mr. Whelpley well says, is that every piece of real property in the United States is worth more now than it was ten years ago; the physical plant of every great industrial enterprise, from railroad to mill, is to-day more valuable than ever it was. The revision of the tariff law has given Europeans a better chance of business in America than they have ever before been offered, and has at the same time unquestionably stimulated the productive power of the American people.

The country is too big, too rich, too self-contained, and inhabited by too energetic and ambitious a people, to remain supine under any difficulties which are hinted at now or can be foreseen in the future. The pessimist and the whiner have lost and will continue to lose. The foreigner who seeks opportunities in America, or who, having found them, fears for his ventures, need but exercise his patience and have faith, for his interests are being jealously guarded by a people whose very lives and liberties are at stake as well as their property. The American people are not "quitters," and they are working out the greatest experiment in government by a people for a people that the world has ever seen. It is an experiment worth watching, for it is founded on a plea for human rights, and from the results the world has much to gain both for humanity and for material progress. At this time, when criticism of America and its affairs are rather the vogue, the spiritual and material prospects of the country and its people were never brighter. The very throes through which the nation is passing attest the casting out of devils, some of whom are most fetching in their borrowed robes of white and haloes of reform.

## Can We Think Without Words?

"THAT thought cannot exist without speech is a truth generally admitted. The negations of this thesis are all founded on equivokes and errors." So writes Benedetto Croce, last and not least of modern aestheticians.

The intimate relationship of thought to speech has been admitted implicitly ever since man could speak, and explicitly ever since man could think. *Phrasomai*, the Greek for "I meditate," means literally "I speak to myself." *Logos*, the Greek for "reason," also signifies "speech." When the Homeric heroes ponder, they are described as "talking to their own hearts." Again, when Huckleberry Finn says that "the noise was so great, you could hardly hear yourself think," the phrase seems to imply that thought is a kind of internal dialogue which can be interrupted from without.

Nevertheless, the broad assertion, as quoted above, cannot be accepted without qualification. In the first place, thought is an elastic term. If by thought is meant any kind of mentation, the assertion is manifestly false, for it is clear that we can think about things and persons and places, that we can call up pictures of scenes visited and actions performed, without the co-operation of any verbal images. Moreover, it can be shown that the human mind, when it is concerned with concrete things, can perform highly complex operations without calling into play the speech faculty, as, for example, an architect in planning a house, a chess-player contemplating his next move, or an employer arranging his staff's time-tables of work.

There lives in London a clergyman of the Established Church who possesses a free pass over two of the great English railways. This privilege he receives in return for assisting these companies in arranging the time-tables of their trains, for he has the rare faculty of grasping and co-ordinating an immense number of time units—a faculty which is surely quite independent of the speech faculty. The same truth is well illustrated by a story told by Brillat Savarin in his "Physiologie du Goût."

There lived in the town of Belley—his native place, of which he was mayor—a certain M. Chirol, a retired member of the bodyguard of Louis XV, and an inveterate card-player. In his latter years he had a paralytic stroke, which extinguished all his intellectual faculties except that of playing cards, which continued unimpaired until his death. Shortly before that event he gave remarkable evidence of the continued integrity of this faculty. "There arrived at Belley," says the gastronome, "a banker named M. Delines. He came to us with letters of recommendation; he was a stranger, a Parisian; this was more than enough, in a little provincial town, to make us anxious to render his visit agreeable. M. Delines was a gourmand and a card-player. On the first count, we gave him sufficient entertainment by keeping him six or seven hours a day at table; on the second, he was more difficult to amuse. He was very fond of piquet and talked of playing for six or seven francs a point, which greatly exceeded the rate of our most reckless play. To obviate this difficulty we formed a society, in which all who desired took a share. And to whom, think you, did we entrust the business of defending our united interests? To M. Chirol. When the Parisian banker saw the pale, gaunt figure which came and sat down before him, he thought at first it was a pleasantry; but when he saw the spectre take the cards and shuffle them expertly, he began to think that this adversary might at one time have been worthy of him. It did not take long to convince him that his opponent's skill still survived, for, not only in this round, but in many others which followed, M. Delines was so utterly and hopelessly beaten that, at his departure, he had to pay us more than six hundred francs, which were carefully shared out among the associates."

That this old gentleman, who could not speak, was still capable of effectively thinking is surely manifest.

If, however, we narrow the meaning of the word "thought" sufficiently to make Croce's proposition unquestionably true, it is in danger of becoming merely axiomatic; for, if by thought is meant the capacity of thinking in words, the thesis that thought cannot exist without words is self-evident.

The real question at issue is not whether we can think without speech, but whether without speech we can form general notions. That this faculty is particularly associated with the speech faculty is unquestionable. One school of philosophers, the so-called Nominalists, maintained that a general notion is nothing more than a name to which a number of images is attached, a sort of strap with a handle by which bundles of assorted particulars are strung together for convenience of transport. Others, who hold that a generic notion is something different both from its name and the particulars from which it is extracted, nevertheless hold that such a notion cannot subsist in the mind without the support of a verbal image.

The first objection to this view is that it seems to preclude the possibility of growth in language; for language grows by the coalescing of names and notions, but in order to coalesce they must come together, and, in order to come together, they must have existed at some time apart.

Necessity is the mother of invention, but the mother must exist before the child; and what necessity can call into being a new word but a new notion lacking a name by which to utter itself?

Furthermore, if thought cannot be dissociated from words, all our thought must be tainted with the imperfections inherent in language. "Words," says Locke, "interpose themselves so much between our understanding and the truth that, like the medium through which visible objects pass, their obscurity and disorder cast a mist before our eyes and impose upon our understandings." If, then, we are for ever incapable of seeing behind this distorting mist, a true vision of reality is unattainable. Language is an instrument in the fashioning of which all the dead generations of men have had their share. Not only all the truths which have ever been discovered, but all the falsehoods that have ever been believed, have left their mark upon it. Only the supreme intellects can presume to mould or modify it to their own purposes; the generality of men must use it as they find it. Through language we are, in truth, "heirs of all the ages," and in some respects it is an inheritance which we should be richer by repudiating, if it is our sole means of contemplating the truth.

To avoid these unacceptable consequences, let us for the moment suppose that it is possible to think in the abstract without words; yet we are no richer even though we possess this faculty; for, not only shall we be incapable of communicating the results of our meditations to others, but we shall be unable to retain and record them for our own use; since language is not only a

vehicle of communication, it is a means of fixing and perpetuating ideas on our own behalf.

It appears from this that, in order to think effectively, we must be able to think with words, but not through them; we must be able, from time to time, to detach the notion from the name and view them apart; otherwise, we shall not use language, but shall rather be used by it: words will not be the ministers but the masters of our thought. This is, indeed, the fate of the generality of men. What language has joined under one name they are incapable of putting asunder. For example, if a certain system of commercial relations is called "Free Trade," they will believe it is something to be fought and died for, like Free Thought and Free Speech. If a certain contagious distemper of the respiratory organs is called a "cold," they will believe that it is a result of chill and exposure, though science and experience with one voice assert the contrary.

Hence we may discern the great educational value of translating ideas into a foreign tongue. For notions which in one language are comprised under one name, are in another divided among two. Thus, in order to translate correctly, we must be constantly detaching the notion from its signifying name. For example, a school-boy learns that "now" in French is *maintenant*; then he comes across the sentence, "Now there lived in this city . . .," and he is told that "now" must be translated *or*, whilst in the phrase "Now listen" he must use *donc* for the same word. It is clear that he cannot know in future which word is to be used except by detaching the three notions signified by "now" in English from the sound which they have in common.

The greater the difference in the idiom of two languages, the greater is the capacity of detachment required in translating from one to the other. Hence the unique value of the time-honoured, but now often derided, school exercise of translating English into idiomatic Greek or Latin. Indeed, there is no better test of a boy's mental calibre than a capacity for doing Latin prose; and we need not ridicule the belief of George Borrow's father that no boy ever came to a bad end who had thoroughly mastered Lilly's "Latin Grammar."

JOHN RIVERS.

### Folk Lore of the Lakeland\*

MR. PALMER has gone among the people of the dales of Cumberland and Westmorland, pencil in hand, has noted down stray talks and anecdotes, and after very little editing, leaving to them for the most part their native freshness, he has published them for the interest and pleasure of the larger world who have no foothold among the dales. The book he has thus constructed is packed full of matter, and the predominant feeling of the reader on coming to the end is a desire for more of

\* *Odd Yarns of English Lakeland.* By WILLIAM T. PALMER. With a Preface by Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. (Skeffington and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)

the same character. Mr. Palmer and his dalesmen talk on all sorts of topics, and on every one they have something new to say. Love, ghosts, school, St. Valentine's Day, Easter, funerals, Guy Fawkes, Christmas music, Shrovetide giants, raffles, and many other subjects combine to form his *olla podrida*. Many of the customs recorded by him have died out, for the levelling engine of universal education in accordance with a machine-made pattern has penetrated even into these isolated dales and has, as elsewhere, destroyed much that is picturesque in its course. Even the custom of sending valentines has disappeared, and the place of the sentimental and meaningful love-token is now to some extent only occupied by comic—that is to say, as a rule, vulgar—postcards. Here and there, however, among the children is to be found a survival; for instance, that which marked the impending conclusion of Lent, "a dishpan chorus done in daylight, without any malice or suggestion of tar and feathers."

Scattered among the narratives is many a good anecdote well worthy of repetition. We will select two and refer to the book itself those who desire more. One relates how a congregation, one Sunday, arrived at the church to find the door shut and the clerk, mounted on a flat tombstone, announcing blandly: "This is to give notice that there will be no service in this church for a matter of four weeks, as the parson's best game hen has 'setten' herself in the pulpit." In the second, also a church story, there was a sudden commotion at the beginning of the sermon, after which the voice of an ancient dame piped out: "If I'd been killed I'd have been right served, for didn't you say, 'Behold, I come quickly'?" The pulpit had come to pieces and deposited the preacher in the midst of his congregation.

Where every chapter is attractive it is difficult to express preferences. One reader at any rate will, however, give his vote to "The Night Shepherd" among the longer pieces, and that of the lost child among the shorter.

### In Balzac's Country

#### II.—THE TREASURE OF SAUMUR.

By R. A. J. WALLING.

WITH the sun in the western sky shining up the broad valley of the Loire, we climbed the steep ascent to the Castle of Saumur. There are many castles on the Loire more beautiful and curious than the Castle of Saumur. It cannot rival the flamboyant grandeur of Chambord, or the historic interest of Amboise, or the romantic loveliness of Chinon, but there is a certain rugged charm about this stern old pile on its great escarpment, with the town and the river at its feet. And the view from the battlements is superb, extending westward even to the cathedral spires of Angers, thirty miles away, and eastward to Chinon itself.

The wide, sweeping landscapes of the Loire, either in Touraine or in Anjou, have a special fascination.

Their grandeur is that of great spaces; they are dominated by no mountains; they are not awe inspiring; they are not pastoral in the English sense. But the low hills, the low sandstone cliffs along the wonderful river, vast vineyards, great expanses of meadow, miles of forest, the jutting towers of church and castle, the gleaming walls of cottage and of villa, and the great arc of the summer sky over all, make up a whole which produces in the mind a kind of hypnotic content. There is nothing sensational to alarm the attention, not a rock, not a torrent, not a smoke-cloud over a great town: nothing but the immense peace which comes out of the eastern horizon with the shining Loire, hovers above it as it winds past its beaches of fine sand, and carries the imagination into the spaces of the West where it melts into the sky. Standing on the ramparts of Saumur and submitting to the influences of the scene one understands the nostalgia of the men of Anjou, their passion for the *douceur angevine* immortalised by Joachim du Bellay:—

Plus me plait le séjour qu'ont batis mes aïeux  
Que des palais romains le front audacieux,  
Plus que le marbre dur me plait l'ardoise fine;  
Plus mon Loire gaulois que le Tibre Latin,  
Plus mon petit Lire que le mont Palatin,  
Et plus que l'air marin la douceur angevine.

But here was the châtelain, jingling his keys. We had seen nobody as we mounted the great flight of steps from the fosse to the courtyard and passed through the gateway; but he had seen us, and had estimated us accurately.

"Bon jour, madame, monsieur. Vous êtes anglais? Bien." (Jingle). . . "Le château de Saumur est très ancien. Il fut restauré en 1810." (Jingle.) . . .

The good châtelain was convinced that, in dealing with English people, the louder he talked and the more he jingled his keys the better he would be understood. A torrent of French history was dashed against the walls and poured back over the ramparts into the valley of the Loire in the tone and the accents of the Guard Room. Every date was punctuated by a short jingle, and every century by a long one. We gazed at him with more astonishment than the schoolmaster's pupils in Goldsmith's poem—

" . . . and still the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all he knew."

It was clear that the châtelain was not an archaeologist by taste or instinct. His dates were perfunctory and his monologue was badly delivered. But in the bright brown eye of this grizzled upright man in the grey linen suit there was a caressing gleam as he looked around him upon the sombre walls, and we came to the conclusion that when he left off being a gramophone and became a human being there would be interesting matter in him. And there was. . . .

"Le dernier des prisonniers de l'état y fut interné en 1830!"

And at 1830, the torrent subsided as suddenly as it had arisen. The châtelain heaved a sigh of relief. We echoed it. The tension of his muscles relaxed, as

those of a man who has performed an arduous and thankless task and rests from his labours.

"Now," said I to Her, "we'll have the real thing."

"Follow me, madame, monsieur, and you shall see the two great curiosities of the Castle of Saumur. Voilà!" He was fumbling in his coat pocket, and produced a crumpled copy of the *Petit Journal* and a box of matches. Then he led the way mysteriously and dramatically to a shed in the centre of the courtyard. Inspired by his gait, we followed breathlessly and on tiptoe. We must have looked for all the world like a band of conspirators about to set fire to the castle.

The illusion was deepened when the châtelain opened the door of the shed, invited us to enter, and pulled the door behind him. After the brilliant sunshine, the gloom was deep. She gave a little gasp. I heard the châtelain chuckle: there was a strong dramatic strain in his composition: patently, this was much more to his taste than his gramophonic historical recital. A little light came through the chinks of the roof, and, when our pupils had been sufficiently dilated by the darkness, we could make out his figure and his movements. He rolled the *Petit Journal* up into the shape of a torch.

"Tenez!" said he to Her, and, when She had taken it, he struck a match. That ingenious product of the State factory fizzled and fumed and filled the place with mephitic odours; it sputtered blue for a few seconds, and then burst into a flame.

"Voyez!" said he to Her, and grasped her arm as he held the match over a low circular wall.

"Prenez garde, monsieur!" he cried, as I was about to lean over. Then he applied the expiring match to the end of the *Petit Journal*, which blazed.

"Relâchez-le! . . ." She dropped it over the wall. "Écoutez! . . ."

The burning paper fell apparently into the bowels of the earth. We watched it as it went, spinning slowly first and then whirring more and more rapidly, lighting up the sides of an immense shaft. "Écoutez! écoutez!"

And a strange sound came, first a dull roar, then a furious blast, rising to a shriek as the newspaper spun down and down; it declined, the light became dim; the noise faded into silence, and the light into darkness. The châtelain opened the door, admitted the sunshine, and pointed to the circular wall, over which ashes of burnt paper were floating upwards in a thin veil of smoke.

"How thrilling!" said She, as we stepped into the daylight. He stiffened himself once more into the character of an animated guide-book.

"Le puits," he began, "a cinquante mètres de profondeur. . . ." It went right down to the level of the Loire. The well was used by the inhabitants of the castle in other days as a secret way of going and coming. And much more information of a statistical kind came before the châtelain was once more absorbed in the dramatist: you could, he declared, throw burning papers down the well all day and never a one would reach the bottom.

## REVIEWS

## The Other Victor of Quebec

*The Life of Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, K.B.*

By EDWARD SALMON. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. 6s. net.)

POSTHUMOUS praise may be a small matter to its objects, the noble dead, but it is a great matter to the living, whose capacity for discriminating admiration is indeed one of the best measures of their value. Some admirations are almost too easy; it is as impossible not to admire Wolfe or Clive or Nelson as it is not to cherish in some degree the patriotic sentiment from which such idolatries spring. An enlightened patriotism must, however, aspire to being democratic; it is less to England's honour that there should have been, at a given period, one man capable of dazzling feats than that there should have been many hundreds of men capable of great actions, quietly performed.

The case of Sir Charles Saunders is peculiar in this: as the equal, loyal and efficient colleague, in one of the most striking achievements recorded in our annals, of one of our supreme national heroes, he reaped a rich harvest of contemporary fame and then passed into a most astonishing, if only comparative, oblivion. For the normally well-informed patriot, Quebec was taken by General Wolfe, who died happy in the moment of victory at the head of a land army; a fleet had, indeed, co-operated in preparing the event, commanded as fleets are, by some admiral or other. Saunders was not killed in the moment of victory; he was a man of few words; and he never commanded the fleet in a general and decisive action, but chiefly, and probably for the reasons already given, he has lacked the "sacred bard," and so his fame has been the affair of naval experts and their readers. Mr. Salmon has endeavoured to remedy the omission of the biographers and to restore to us one of our national heroes.

The claims of Saunders to the grateful remembrance of his countrymen do not rest on his share in a single exploit, but on a long career of usefulness and unremitting devotion. He was with Anson on his famous voyage round the world, he commanded in the Mediterranean during the critical and trying times that preceded the intervention of Spain in the Seven Years' War, and he was First Lord of the Admiralty under Pitt in 1767. But to our mind the most glorious page in his record, not excepting even Quebec, is composed of a letter, which we shall quote with Mr. Salmon's introductory explanation. Saunders, it must be mentioned, was on his way home from Quebec.

He had barely entered the English Channel, when he got news that Hawke was out after Conflans and was not, perhaps, any too strongly equipped for the work in hand. Saunders must have been tired, his ships were foul, and his officers and men were certainly eager to get home. But he did not hesitate a second. He turned south and despatched this little note to Pitt:—

Sir,—The Lizard now bearing N.W.b.N. distance 17 Leagues (having with me the *Devonshire* and *Vanguard*) I am joined by Capt. Phillips of the *Juno*, who informs me that the French fleet is at sea and Sir Edward Hawke after them. I have therefore only time to acquaint you that I am making the best of my way in quest of Sir Edward Hawke, which I hope His Majesty will approve of. . . .

Somerset, 19th November, 1759.

The ships arrived too late for Quiberon, but the usually unsympathetic Lord Chancellor, Hardwicke, wrote: "The part which Admiral Saunders has taken voluntarily is, I think, the greatest I ever heard of."

Saunders' share in the taking of Quebec has been the subject of some controversy, but the doubts thrown on it will probably serve the eventual end of emphasising it. Contemporary opinion had no such doubts; Wolfe and Saunders were inseparable stars. Hardwicke, again, wrote: "I question whether any other two officers except Saunders and Wolfe would have carried this arduous affair through." The bringing of the fleet up the St. Lawrence was an extraordinary *tour de force*; perfectly harmonious and effective co-operation with the land forces was another. The circumstances that have militated somewhat against the reputation of the Admiral are his own sparing and restrained penmanship, and Wolfe's readiness to put down in black and white the impulsive impressions of a moment. When, however, the general reflected, however slightly, on the action of his colleague, Mr. Salmon shows that he has always subsequently withdrawn his criticisms.

Saunders seems to have concerned himself very little with his own fame, and fortune so willed it that his achievements frequently needed emphasising. At Hawke's victory off Finisterre in 1747, his ship the *Yarmouth* performed absolute prodigies, and one of his officers wrote: "In all the accounts I have seen she is not so much as mentioned, as though no ship had been there." His Mediterranean command from 1760-2 was undistinguished through its very effectiveness. The enemy were given no chance of concentrating or offering battle, though a battle must have saved his labour and served his fame. "It requires considerable powers of imagination to enter into the conditions in which Saunders maintained the barrier of the Straits against the possible exits and entrances of Spaniards and Frenchmen." This task he accomplished, and, by soothing the wounded feelings of Portugal and by keeping Morocco quiet, he showed that he possessed diplomatic gifts as well.

Saunders performed many and great services, and one, Quebec, "enough," Mr. Salmon quotes, "to have placed him in the front rank of sea commanders. But by the frailty of human judgment such a place can only be won by a successful action." Mr. Salmon's is a really valuable contribution to our naval and imperial history.

Bless and praise we famous men—  
Men of little showing!

## The Epic of the Western World

*The Ancient Irish Epic Tale: Táin Bó Cúalnge* ("The Cúalnge Cattle-Raid"). Done into English by JOSEPH DUNN. (David Nutt. 25s. net.)

MR. DUNN begins his all too brief preface by declaring that "The Gaelic Literature of Ireland is vast in extent and rich in quality. The inedited manuscript materials, if published, would occupy several hundred large volumes. Of this mass only a small portion has as yet been explored by scholars." Moreover, most of that literature is couched in highly refined artistic forms, deduced from nothing but their own beginnings; with no hint, in spite of schools of learning probably unique for distinction and enthusiasm in all history, of any foreign derivation, until about the eighth century, when rhyme came into the poet-schools of Leinster from the influence of the grammarian Virgilius; and as distinct in the spirit that pervades it as it is in the elaborate forms devised for its deliverance. It has nothing of that contentedness with time and place, the lack of mystery and reaching-after, that marks the Greek (for even Æschylus and Plato are hedged by that limitation), nor has it any of the coarseness and crudity of the Norse. It is something quite separate from all other literature; and had it not been for the unhappy political confusion of the last three or four hundred years there is no doubt that it would have come to hold a high place. We should be better able to understand much that now seems strangely grotesque, such as the contortions of Cuchulainn, which, though they baffle us in their literal meaning, yet ring a familiar echo in our minds.

The older portion of this literature—that is to say, that large mass of it that took its final form before the twelfth century A.D.—pivots chiefly round about two bands of heroes. The younger and more popular cycle deals with Finn mac Cumhail and the Fiana (or Fenians), and the elder and more aristocratic with Cuchulainn and the Ultonians. The former may be found to-day throughout Ireland on the lips of tradition; but the latter has even escaped the scholar's activity. The centre of the cycle is the famous "Cattle-Raid of Cualnge," and for the first time this has now been translated by Professor Dunn. Eugene O'Curry, in his "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," translated the central episode, the great fight between Cuchulainn and Ferdiad. Miss Eleanor Hull gathered together from various places stray translations of fragments of the Raid; and Miss Faraday translated the passages from the *Leabhar na h-Uidhre* (Book of the Dun Cow) and the *Yellow Book of Locan*; but not till now has the whole story been translated. Indeed, Professor Dunn has translated it finally; for he has gathered all the differing accounts, and fitted them into their sequence with a careful critical apparatus showing the sources of each. It is thus not only a book for the scholar, but a book that puts even the ordinary reader into the position of a scholar. The interpolations and glosses of later scribes, alternative

and discrepant readings, are all obvious where they stand in the text. The history of the epic tale can thus be traced by the student who has no knowledge of the difficult Old Irish, with almost as great an ease as if he were in touch with the original sources. This has, to be sure, its attendant disadvantages: the narrative halts and turns back upon itself: passages that run in sequence are in truth parallel readings: but generally these are so obvious that the disadvantage is dismissed; and certainly the compensation is more than sufficient, for we may follow the adventures of the historical original as it became literature and passed from hand to hand.

Seen in this way, the tale may be detected on its way to becoming an epic, but before it has reached that position. It seems clearly destined to win a certain final form and to become one of the world's memorable poems, but never achieves it. It is, for example, in prose; but the many poetic fragments throughout it, duplicating in most cases the prose dialogue or account beside them, suggest the coming of a form that for some reason was never completed. The present reviewer, after some thought on the subject, is of opinion that this was due to the appearance, soon after the form in which we now hold the "Táin," of the Fiana and the Fenian cycle, and the popularity this won—which it has held to the present day. However this may be, the fact is as stated; and it is not without compensations; for the "Táin" as it stands is not only full of a rolling force—a force partly derived from its very incoherence—but has a closeness of detail of the very highest value from an historical point of view. To this we hope to turn at a later date in these columns; but at the moment we cannot do more than notice some of the features.

We have already said that Cuchulainn's contortions in battle-fury never make us feel that they are purely fantastic inventions. They always subtly keep in touch with, and suggest by implication, that portion of human nature that becomes superhuman and angelic (or inhuman and diabolic—which is another phase of the same thing) when some sudden demand in the physical system calls in the powers of the ultra-physical being. They are nearly always in some strange way meta-physical, but they encroach on the fantastic; and, through the incoherence of the material, the constant repetition of the marvellous becomes wearisome, and the interest is surrendered. Fergus, by contrast, is a much more human figure; in fact, he may be called the hero of the work for this reason; and his generosity, uprightness, and chivalry are not just stipulations, but become part of a man so skilfully and truthfully drawn that to meet him in the "Táin" is to love him and to remember him. But when Cuchulainn meets an equal foe, he, too, becomes human in this more intimate sense; and it so happens by a happy chance that this very episode is also the moment when the zest of personal combat is the fiercest and most glorious. We have already spoken of the fight between Cuchulainn and Ferdiad as the central episode of the whole. It would be a big claim to make that this is the greatest description

of a combat in all literature; but we make it, nevertheless. There is nothing in the Iliad to equal it; and that is to say that there is nothing anywhere else to equal it. The very telling of it rises in passion and glory until the moment when: "Such was the closeness of the combat they made that they forced the river out of its bed and out of its course, so that there might have been a reclining place for a king or a queen in the middle of the ford, and not a drop of water was in it but what fell there with the trampling and slipping which the two heroes and the two battle-warriors made in the middle of the ford." It is a story to read again and again; and we can give no higher praise to Professor Dunn than to say that he conveys much of the extraordinary glory of the original, the flashing of the eye, the roll of the voice, and the fierce and detailed intensity of its first teller. There is this quality throughout, and Professor Dunn has made a translation that must enforce the claim of this book to be not only an excellent, but probably a final, rendering into English. Without a doubt it is a book that should be widely read. Certainly no Irishman should be without a copy, despite the price.

### Elba

*Napoleon in Exile: Elba* (1814-1815). By NORWOOD YOUNG. With a Chapter on the Iconography by A. M. BROADLEY. (Stanley Paul and Co. 21s. net.)

NAPOLEON at St. Helena is a tragic figure; Napoleon at Elba is at best comic. There is nothing whatever noble about this first phase of exile. It started meanly, with a departure that was almost a flight, with unworthy concealments, ridiculous disguises, and abject fears; it ended unimpressively, with a return inspired by boredom, the fear of assassination, and a craving for those little creature comforts of flattery and idolatry which had become a necessity to the conqueror of Europe. Mr. Young quotes the story of a sergeant who hoisted the Emperor into his saddle "in the most unceremonious manner it is possible to imagine," uninvited and in the teeth of voluble protests. "Such experiences were among the causes which led to his leaving the island."

Still, the story of Elba is worth reading. It is an interesting study in the pathology of tyranny. The King of Elba, late Master of the World, had the ghostly faculty of compression, and shrunk to a dwarf to govern a dwarf kingdom. We see him conquering, if there had been anyone there to conquer, smaller islands; we see him developing his realm with roads, buildings, and the like, mostly with a view to his own personal convenience; we find him bullying Pons to make him give up a treasure that belonged not to Napoleon, but to the Legion of Honour. An elaborate court was organised, strictly to scale, and the island soon bristled with tiny winter and summer residences.

The mirage, which invited disaster during the last days of the Empire by making one army corps appear as three, was in adversity rather a source of comfort. "He was now forming brigades consisting of two mules and a Corsican horse, three French horses and two Elban horses. Thus, with nine French horses, six Elban, two Corsican, and five mules, he was in a position to create five brigades." Other instances of the same kind of illusion are to be found in these pages.

The chief authorities for the Elba episode are the British observers, especially Sir Neil Campbell, who went out in charge, and Pons, an old friend of Napoleon, who managed to combine an intense admiration for the man with an austere Republicanism. Pons has inimitable phrases—"the Emperor amused himself with them" (certain Elban ladies) "at games which are called innocent, though their innocence has never been established."

Elba was sordid; it cannot be made anything else; but Mr. Young appears to us to make it even more so than it really was. Even when he is trying to import a little pathos into the story he fails. Napoleon was an actor, and sometimes nothing else; but he often deserved his applause. Here, however, he had a poor part in a poor play, and his theatrical efforts are merely cloying. Of a passage in a letter to Marie Louise, Mr. Young says: "Here there is a mark of a tear on the manuscript." Why *here*? The tear of any but a very theatrical or a very myopic scribe would be unlikely to choose the most pathetic spot for its descent; it is just as likely to select a remark about the weather.

### Socialism and Statistics

*Social Reform, as related to Realities and Delusions.*  
By W. H. MALLOCK. (John Murray. 6s. net.)

THE recent progress of Socialism in Occidental countries is mainly due to the discontent of a large class which, until a recent time, had neither education to expand and intensify its aspirations nor political power to give a practical scope to such aspirations for economic betterment as it cherished. A theory which fitted the discontent has been widely welcomed, and in Britain the theory has gained from the industry of a group of its promoters advantages which have largely counterbalanced its inherent weakness. The Fabians at the outset of their campaign realised that success is almost always obtainable by those who are proof against boredom. With the endurance of zealots they examined blue-books new and old, fought their way through agglomerations of statistics, and were rewarded by the discovery of material which, appropriately marshalled and edited, appeared to substantiate their case. Mr. Mallock long ago perceived that the range of varied data which had been so serviceable in accrediting the Fabian contentions would be equally useful in disproving them and, by adopting the Fabian method of research *à outrance*, he has become one of the most formidable opponents of Socialism.

The preface to the book before us proclaims one of his triumphs in research:—

Use has been made, for the first time, of specific official information, the existence of which appears to have been overlooked, relating to the amount and distribution of income at the beginning of the nineteenth century. McCulloch believed that the records here in question had been destroyed. At the same time, he regarded them as so essential to a true understanding of conditions at that time that he compared their supposed destruction to the loss caused by the burning of the Great Alexandrian Library. They are not quoted by Porter, Levi, Dudley Baxter, or Giffon, or in any of the encyclopædias published during the course of the nineteenth century. Two copies were found by the author in the University Library of Cambridge.

The records thus caught in the author's wide-sweeping net were a report on the census of 1801 and the report on the income tax imposed in that year, which were printed in conjunction by order of the House of Commons in 1802. In face of the figures obtained by comparing population and incomes after the interval of about one hundred years, Mr. Mallock asks what becomes of the Socialist contention, once vigorously upheld as a mainstay of the creed, that the development of industry "under capitalism" in the nineteenth century only made the rich richer by making the poor poorer? And if that contention, held to be essential to the Socialist theory by the pristine preachers of it, has to be abandoned in the light of facts, what ground have we for supposing that other essential dogmas of Socialism are less fallacious?

Mr. Mallock deals a shrewd blow at the "redistribution" form of Socialism which his arch-enemy, Mr. Bernard Shaw, declares to be, as it probably is, the only form in which the Socialistic ideal could be realised. The book provides a panoply against dogmatic Socialism, which is, in fact, an antiquated product of the dogmatic era that preceded the great advance of science led most conspicuously by Darwin. But Mr. Mallock's outlook appertains to the same era, and he proves too much. If his conclusions as well as his facts are right, the nation could do nothing better than revert to the anarchical heyday of the *laissez-faire* school which beheld the exemplification of wisdom in pigsty conditions for the mass of the people. The *élan* of the national conscience towards a new ideal makes such reaction impossible, and the fact that political predominance has passed to the classes on which a life-sentence to the sty would be pronounced gives a strong practical reinforcement to the national conscience. Humanity is not limited to the choice between the ruinous tyranny of all for each in Socialism and the stupid oppressiveness of each against all under the individualism of the doctrinaires. The mind which can recognise no halting-place between extremes is of an ancient type. "*Pergis pugnantis secum opponere*," said Horace to the man who in his time thought consistency lay either in being perfumed like Rufilius or a tribulation to the nostrils like Gorgonius. The proper channel lies between the stakes of dogma that mark the opposite shallows.

## Shorter Reviews

*Das Getreide im alten Babylonien.* Privatdozent Dr. FRIEDRICH HROZNY. (Alfred Hölder, Vienna.)

"CORN in ancient Babylon" has a specialist ring about it, and certainly, for a complete appreciation of this work, a knowledge of the classical and modern languages of the East, together with botanical qualifications of a very special order, would be necessary. But with the right dictionaries within reach there is a great deal to be learned, even by the most dilettante reader. "Ancient Babylon," remarks Herr Hrozny, "was, according to an oft-repeated supposition (whether it is more than a supposition we can hardly judge here), the home of corn-cultivation." The study of cereals has led in some places to important results, notably in Egypt, where ancient grain has been found and preserved. In Babylon the lack of this kind of direct evidence has had to be compensated by the use of texts and inscriptions, and by analogies from more or less ascertained conditions in other ancient countries—Egypt, Greece, Rome, Asia Minor, Syria, India, Palestine and even China. The predominance of wheat and barley in early civilisation was almost everywhere threatened by a grain that Herr Hrozny refuses to accept as spelt, but consistently translates by "Emmer"; about oats the opinion of the ancients was very much that of Dr. Johnson.

*Poverty and Waste.* By HARTLEY WITHERS. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE faculty of making economic problems not merely intelligible, but interesting to the "man in the street" is sufficiently rare to ensure attention and appreciation for the writer who possesses it, no matter what precise views or theories he may seek to commend by the exercise of his gift. In the case of Mr. Hartley Withers, for example, one could not but be attracted by his power of lucid exposition, his chatty argumentative style, and the pleasant little touches of dry humour with which he

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enforces his points, even if he were seeking to commit his readers to the most reckless of economic heresies. As it happens, the doctrine that he propounds with such forcible simplicity in his latest book is unimpeachably orthodox, though the fact that it enjoins self-sacrifice upon those who accept it is bound to affect its popularity in practice.

Briefly, Mr. Withers sets out to maintain the theses that the more money individuals spend upon ephemeral luxuries, the less there is available in the form of capital for the production of necessities and for the development of productive industries; that the wastefulness of the well-to-do consequently tends to make necessary articles dearer, and so to intensify the struggle of the poor; and, therefore, that it is within the power of every individual citizen who has more than a "living wage" to help towards the alleviation of poverty by curtailing expenditure upon luxuries—which term he defines as comprising "anything that we can do without, without impairing our health of mind and body."

The array of facts and arguments which Mr. Withers marshals in support of his position is undoubtedly a very strong one. Socialism he frankly regards as an idealistic form of government only suited to an idealised humanity; it is in the voluntary action of the individual that he sees the best hope for the amelioration of our social conditions. We have had no saner, more logical, or less rancorous preacher against the evils of wasteful ostentation and extravagant luxury. Let us hope that so clear and strong a voice will not be allowed to cry unheeded in the wilderness.

*A Short History of Feudalism in Scotland.* By HUGH B. KING. (Wm. Hodge and Co., Edinburgh. 3s. 6d. net.)

CONTAINING an immense amount of matter in its two hundred and forty-two pages, this book is of both an historical and a legal character. In fact, it is a contribution to legal history and a portion of that science, Scottish Feudalism, which has hitherto been much neglected. Mr. King brings out very clearly the difference between Feudalism in the northern country and in that of most other kingdoms. In England and in many parts of Europe feudalism was imposed by alien conquerors, and as a means of forcing obedience. In Scotland, however, the advance of Feudalism was a peaceful process. Its purpose was not conquest, "but organisation of a free people for defence, national and local, for the general welfare—the highest ideal of the feudal contract." Mr. King divides Scottish history into four periods: (I) The great feudal period when the full benefits of the system were enjoyed, from Malcolm Canmore until after the death of Robert Bruce; (II) The illegitimate period of Scots feudal law, until the revolution of 1688, and to some extent also for a further sixty years; (III) The early modern period, "orderly, but pusillanimous," until 1874; and (IV) The recent period. To those who are interested in the subject on which Mr. King writes, the book should prove very useful.

*The Passing of War: A Study in Things that Make for Peace.* By CANON W. L. GRANE. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the Fourth Edition of a work which has been noticed in THE ACADEMY at its first appearance. As then pointed out, there is no question but that Canon Grane's view is inspiring. We fear, however, that his splendid ideal can never be entirely reached so long as sin and the struggle for existence have to be reckoned with. His optimism is unfortunately too altruistic. The advance of world-civilisation seems to increase rather than diminish the awful struggle for existence. In modern commerce there is a perpetual and subtle form of war, which presses cruelly upon individuals and sometimes on communities, though never a shot is fired, nor sword drawn. But open war from time to time is the result. No doubt there have been unnecessary wars for political aggrandisement, or to satisfy national jealousies. There have been terrible wars of religion, which may seem to us quite out of date to-day. And yet our own country is now on the verge of civil war, and the cause is religious difference.

Canon Grane considers the development and establishment of the pacific idea in Europe and America. Let us grant such a possibility. But what is to be said of the awakening of the East? Of the growth and expansion, for example, of China? International peace might be secured in Europe. But Europe might have to resist a terrible Oriental onslaught. And how is peace to be secured during the development of Africa; in the face, too, of the rivalry of Islam, a religion of the sword? These are factors which Canon Grane hardly touches or passes over lightly. No: the elimination of war belongs to Utopia, to a kingdom which is not of this world. We cannot find any evidence that the Founder of Christianity contemplated the cessation of war in the world, but rather the reverse. Christianity has not rooted out cruelty, oppression, greed and selfishness. Yet without the ideals of Christianity, the world would be poor indeed. Therefore all that promotes and tends to foster the ideal of peace is welcome. But while sin and selfishness remain, we fear that it is hopeless to expect the absolute "passing of war."

*In Nature's Ways.* By MARCUS WOODWARD. Illustrated by J. A. SHEPHERD. (C. Arthur Pearson. 2s. net.)

GILBERT WHITE'S "Natural History of Selborne," in spite of the pleasing writings of the many followers in his footsteps, is still practically the only work in our language on natural history pure and simple which has become a classic. Extracts from it form the foundation of the present volume, and to these Mr. Woodward has added a simple running commentary of notes and explanations, with the result that the budding naturalist is provided with an excellent introduction to White's delightful chronicle and to the study of the natural history of an English countryside. Mr. J. A. Shepherd's amusing drawings display a keen sense of humour combined with accuracy.

## Fiction

*Scottish Stories.* By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.  
(Duckworth and Co. 1s. net.)

SEVERAL of these stories have appeared in magazine pages, and a foreword by the author states that they have also appeared in various books previously published. The collection now issued throws varied lights on the Scottish character and its peculiarities—more particularly on that of sixty years and more ago, when, as the author says, easy means of travel had not made men uniform as they are to-day. This appears especially in such sketches as "Aunt Eleanor," "My Uncle," and "A Retainer," sketches so delicately limned that it is as if these people of a past age spoke from the printed pages.

Another spirit breathes from "McKechie v. Scaramanga," for in this we have the sea-going Scot as even Kipling could hardly have pictured him at his yarn-spinning. Finest of all in the book, to most readers, will be found a "A Braw Day," a half-dozen or so of pages filled with the most delicate atmosphere that print could possibly convey. This is the mature work of a master of words, a brilliant achievement in literature, taking that word in its highest sense. Every sketch is worth reading, and the book is one worth keeping, for here are humour and pathos, colour and depth such as rarely are found in the writings of authors of to-day. Not only is the spirit of the work good, but the form is also exquisite; the world will be the richer for such a little volume as this, though the work is too fine and delicate to attain to popularity.

*Johnnie Maddison.* By JOHN HASLETTE. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

VERY little can be said either with regard to originality of theme or of treatment in Mr. Haslette's latest book; but at the same time the author tells his story in an interesting manner, and the reader feels that he is fairly well acquainted with the little group forming the picture of the South American settlement, even if he is not permitted to see very deeply into each one's personality. Molly, an English girl living with a crotchety old aunt, meets and falls in love with Edmund Serge, an accountant in a mining company at Puela, who is spending a year's holiday in England. In a short time Molly goes to South America to be married to her lover. Unfortunately for all concerned, Edmund is an habitual gambler, his affection for Milly coming a long way after his love for cards. He fails to meet her when she arrives, Johnnie Maddison, his friend, very reluctantly going in his stead. From this point one will see that it does not require a great deal of imagination to foretell the end of the story—Molly's disillusion of Edmund and her appreciation of Johnnie. The manner in which this comes about is worth following, and a reader will feel that he is not wasting his time to keep with the little company of colonists until the last page is reached.

*A Child Went Forth.* By YOI PAWLOWSKA. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

THE title of this book is fully justified by the fact that the story ends when the child is at the age of ten or thereabouts. Anna, the child in question, lived in a Hungarian village; she was a middle-class child, brought up principally by her nurse and the servants of her father's house, and thus made fully conversant with the legends and superstitions of the district. There is little of incident in the book, which ends at the point where Anna is sent to England to be educated. Yet there is, nevertheless, a great charm about the work, due to the simplicity of the language employed and the delicate atmosphere which the author has managed to convey. It is a very simple story, very simply told, and few works that we have read recently are as impressive, for here is Hungarian peasant life and village life as it really is; the work is photographic in its truth, and at the same time it is true romance, for the characters are alive and real—they lack the stiffness of merely photographed figures.

A word is due with regard to the illustrations. With the impression of the crayon sketch is combined the delicacy that is characteristic of the text. Here are real illustrations, not mere decorative embellishments. No indication is given as to whether the work is a translation or original writing: if the former, great credit is due to the translator for preserving the spirit of the story so faithfully instead of merely anglicising a Hungarian work; if the latter, then the author combines a perfect knowledge of the English tongue with an ability to use that tongue in the production of a work Hungarian in spirit—and an arresting and convincing piece of work at that.

*Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels.* By MRS. CHARLES BRYCE.  
(John Lane. 6s.)

COMPARING the opening chapters of Mrs. Bryce's story with the other part of the book forces one to the conclusion that the author would do better to confine herself to writing an ordinary romance in preference to spending time by drawing largely upon her imagination for descriptions of criminals and their methods. Mrs. Vanderstein, her companion, Miss Turner, the beauty specialist, Madame Querterot, are all very well drawn characters, and in their social intercourse with one another are interesting. As the plot develops, however, the unreality of the intrigues, the murder, and the actions of the majority of the people is borne upon the reader and deducts greatly from the pleasure of the beginning. The capture and detention of Mrs. Vanderstein and Miss Turner is clumsy; the murder and the burial of the elder lady in a flower box very unlikely to be accomplished by the French manicurist; while the impersonation of the murdered woman by Madame Querterot is not likely to deceive anyone. In her next story we hope that Mrs. Bryce will confine herself to less gruesome matters, particularly as her attention to and description of details, apart from crime, shows that she ought to be able to write a very good novel.

## Music

NOW we know what "Prince Igor" is like, though not, perhaps, what the composer Borodin intended it to be like. For we are told that he had scarcely begun the orchestration when death overtook him, and it fell to his friends Glazounow and Rimsky-Kowakow to make the opera ready for performance. All that fine musicianship and great knowledge of orchestral effect could accomplish was certainly done, and the result is an opera which contains some stirring scenes, much captivating music, and that special Russian flavour which is so refreshingly new to us. That "Igor" is as remarkable from the musical point of view as "Boris" or "Ivan" we do not maintain. It was composed on the older, more conventional lines, and the lyric power of the set arias is not strong enough to make them seem irresistibly right. Except for Galitzky's roystering song in the first act, and Prince Igor's long *scena* in the second, the formal solos are rather uninteresting, and it required the fine art of MM. Chaliapine and Paul Andreev to make them as successful as they were. Mmes. Kousnetzow and Petrenko are first-rate artists, but even they failed to persuade us that their solos helped on the drama. The chorus is the real protagonist in this opera, and the music provided for it is almost always effective and stimulating. M. de Diaghilew's wonderful choristers certainly bore the chief burden, and to them the great success of the opera with the audience was chiefly due. The animating scene where the ballets are danced roused the house to an unexampled display of delight. Well as we know and much as we had always admired these dances, they were many times more exciting when seen as part of the opera.

The *décor*, also, must be credited with its share in winning favour for "Igor." The scenes are rich and magnificent in colouring. Although M. Chaliapine appears in two different parts, perhaps, indeed, because he does, this prince of operatic artists does not dominate and control the interest of the opera as in "Boris" and "Ivan." But it is extraordinarily interesting to see him in these widely differing parts. In the Prologue Prince Galitzky has only one short speech. But to see Chaliapine doing nothing, saying nothing, to mark how he walks, how he looks, what he does with his hands, is an education in the actor's art. His movements in the silence of that Prologue show, not less than the mad scene in "Boris," what a master of his art he is. Presently he appears in a very "unbuttoned" condition as the dissolute, unprincipled nobleman who shames the name of Prince, and the scene between him and his sister (Mme. Kousnetzow) is one of the best in the opera. If the "book" were not as loose as it is, the bringing on of the actor who had played Galitzky as the rather impossible Khan in the second act would have been a dangerous experiment. But since Galitzky is not really necessary to the development of the plot (his part could be better

spared dramatically than that of Prince Vladimir which was actually cut out), this doubling of parts was not, in fact, disturbing. M. Chaliapine, indeed, had transformed himself so completely into the likeness of the Tartar chief—he could only be recognised by his height and his art—that one could only look upon him as a newcomer in the cast. It is not very easy to believe in this admirable Khan. What is to become of the proverbial "Tartar" if, indeed, their chiefs were as magnanimous and easy-going as this friendly "Konchak" is represented to have been? War between the Russians and the Tartars in the 12th century cannot have been so very horrible if the leaders were like Konchak and Igor. But though we could not readily take him very seriously, it was pleasant to see M. Chaliapine in a friendly, smiling part, no longer a man of blood and terror, but one ready to swear blood-brotherhood with his bitterest enemy. "Igor" was conducted by M. Steinberg, whose success was brilliant. It is not without its weak spots, but everybody should take an opportunity of seeing it for the sake of the scene in the camp, for the sake of seeing M. Chaliapine doing nothing, and to hear the chorus sing and see it act. The processional chorus in the last act was as wonderful in its way as the unforgettable Prayer in "La Khovantchina."

The Russian Ballet without the incomparable Nijinsky sounds as if it would be sadly incomplete. But with M. Michel Fokine, to whom the design and arrangement of so many of the favourite ballets is due, as principal male dancer, and with M. Bolm as his colleague, we may be perfectly satisfied. M. Fokine, it is true, has not the indiarubber-like elasticity of Nijinsky, but he is a very fine dancer, and a fine-looking man, while as an actor he is in the first class. Had we not known Nijinsky as Petrouchka, everybody would have hailed M. Fokine in that part as the only possible Petrouchka. Indeed, his success should be a warning to people who are inclined so to identify a particular actor with a part that they think it impossible for anyone else to act it satisfactorily. We had formed such high expectations about "Daphnis and Chloe" that perhaps we were rather disappointed by it. The conjunction of Fokine and Ravel promised something that would surely be of the most entrancing. The ballet is very pretty, very graceful, very charming, but it seemed to us to lack the note of high distinction. Mme. Fokina and Mme. Henriette Majcherska danced delightfully, and sometimes the grouping, the circles of delicate Mantegnesque nymphs, formed pictures which made one glad to have lived to see them. But the dramatic opportunity of the story was not brought out quite as well as we had expected. As to the music, we would wish to hear it again before we can agree with the composer that it is his master-work. That Ravel has produced a series of beautiful musical pictures by means of his wondrously perfect art of writing for the orchestra is certain. But his music did not, at the first hearing, strike us as the only music conceivable for the situation it illustrates. It is unnecessary to say that

much of it is very beautiful, and all of it interesting, or that it accompanies the scenes harmoniously. Still, greatly as we enjoyed "Daphnis," we are not sure that it is as perfect as we hoped it would have been. "Papillons," which followed it, is very delightful, and it would be absurd to find fault with it because it is not quite up to the level of the "Carneval" in variety, nor in the attraction of its music. M. Fokine played the Pierrot admirably, and Mmes. Karsavina and Schollar and their sisters were moths fluttering round the candle such as anyone in his senses would have wanted to catch. "Petrouchka" completed our evening's pleasure and sent us away with a wonderfully satisfied feeling. In its strength and originality this ballet is unrivalled, and still our wonder grows at the uncanny cleverness of the music and of the chief performers in the drama.

Among the concerts of the past week we must mention two which had special interest. M. Thibaud has long been known as a violinist of rare gifts, one who occupies a place by himself; wherever he plays, or whatever, he is one of those who must be heard, if possible. In a concerto of Vivaldi arranged by Nachez and in Bach's popular work in E-major, he was accompanied, at Bechstein Hall, by a double-quartet and a small organ; in the masterly and beautiful concerto by the lamented Chausson for solo violin, piano, and string quartet, he had the inestimable assistance of M. Georges de Lausnay as pianist, and the performance was almost too good for praise, M. de Lausnay dividing the honours with M. Thibaud.

The London String Quartet's programme brought a crowd to the same hall on another afternoon. They began with the "Phantasy Quintet" for strings by Vaughan Williams, which was first introduced at one of Mr. F. B. Ellis' concerts in March. It is short, but packed full of fine thought expressed with cleverness and charm. A most welcome contribution it is to the repertoire of chamber music, and a piece which must add materially to its composer's great and growing reputation. After this very attractive music, the Quartet with soprano solo by Schönberg, op. 10, did little but perplex the mind and depress the spirit. Only in the last movement, as it seemed to us, does the composer throw a few phrases at the hearer which he would willingly listen to again. Miss Carrie Tubb did her best, no doubt, with the vocal part, but could not make it appear that it had any necessary connection with the suffering cries that proceeded from the strings. The writing for the instruments in the first and second movements is impossibly unsuitable. But in the last, work is given them which they reasonably can do, and there are certain passages for each of them which did certainly arrest the attention, and not disagreeably. Debussy's Quartet which succeeded Schönberg's is beautiful in every line, but it did not sound so delightful as usual at this concert. Were the players' sensibilities somewhat deadened by the long struggle with the ugliness of Schönberg?—or were those, perhaps, of one of the unhappy listeners?

## The Theatre

### "An Indian Summer"

MRS. JITTIE HORLICK'S comedy, consisting of four extremely long acts, has been produced by Mr. Allan Aynesworth at the Prince of Wales' Theatre with infinite care if not with perfect decorative effective.

The sophisticated theatre-goer will know the sort of spirit dominating the play when we say that there is not a moment's hesitation in getting on to the right number over the telephone, and that the harmless necessary stage letter is dashed off with enviable celerity by means of the quill pen, which has now been out of general use these thirty or forty years. But the author has made a great effort to give us of her best, and give it with both hands. The result is an immense quantity of rather artificial dialogue in which the queer people of the play explain and explain again what they believe is interesting in regard to themselves.

We hope Mr. Aynesworth as Nigel Parry, K.C., afterwards knighted—for looking so serious and handsome, we presume—will please the public. In the first act at least he has a little dramatic chance when he explains to his wife, Miss Edyth Goodall, that he has never loved her during their twelve years of married life, that he is living with another woman, that he will do anything she wishes and always be quite nice and polite, and all that sort of thing.

His wife, Helen, admirably played, cannot engage our interest very much; and although she is said to have loved Nigel we cannot believe it. She is cold and disagreeable, and, later, when her son marries, at twenty-two, a rather stupid young lady of the stage, extremely jealous and powerfully unconvincing. The daughter-in-law is Ursula, presented by Miss Dorothy Minto after a manner which would certainly make Helen Parry thoroughly dislike and suspect her. She is equally helped by the author in this matter and does just the foolish things which complicate the story and lengthen it out to four acts.

As her lover-like husband, Mr. Donald Calthrop is the one person of the play we can believe in a little and sympathise with a great deal. He is always fresh and charming and hearty, and makes his mistakes—with a view to the fourth act—just in the right way. Mr. Sam Sothern has nothing to do as a friend of Ursula and her husband Vivian, and he does it in his old familiar manner, lightly and bravely and with a Cockney accent.

Nigel's mistress dies; Ursula's stupid action with a pistol and her frequent allusions to the twins she expected are explained away; very late in the play Helen Parry's character softens and the gentle, fragrant quiet of "An Indian Summer" is supposed to settle upon all the people of the play. This charming result is, we apprehend, greatly helped by a Mrs. Melville, a widow, played with utter sweetness by Miss Ellen O'Malley. She listens to many long stories and always says at the

end that she understands perfectly; she knows everything; and has felt everything and is ready to put all aright. We don't quite learn if she does this last, as that is one of the many points which Mrs. Horlick leaves in a nebulous, not to say chaotic, state, but we are sure her tact and gentleness and flow of words would drive any ordinary person towards a strong feeling of no enthusiasm, as we say in Peking. But then the personages of "An Indian Summer" are not ordinary or real—you see they get the number they want on the 'phone at once, and they use quills for the purpose of writing.

### Mr. James Welch Returns

"If in doubt, play 'When Knights Were Bold,' and play it better than it has ever been played before," seems to be the motto of that public favourite, Mr. Welch. We don't know quite how many thousands of times the farce by Mr. "Charles Marlowe"—with a fair amount of addenda by the leading actor—has been given to the public, but we realise that it never seemed fresher, brighter, gayer, than on its production at the Apollo Theatre the other evening. Although we have seen Mr. Welch many times, he has seldom appeared to be in higher spirits or more in touch with his audience than in his present representation of Sir Guy de Vere, who so utterly lacks the repose that was once supposed to mark the caste to which that family belongs. He is splendidly supported by his present company, who play up to his wildest humours and "feed" him with delightful loyalty.

Everybody knows the play, of course, but all interested in this laughter-making branch of the art of the stage will love to see "When Knights Were Bold" again. On the first evening at the Apollo we were next to a playgoer who had watched the farce ten times and was still so completely overcome by its fun and satire and quaint contrasts that it seemed entirely new to him. Although it is sometimes spoken of as a one-man play, the present production gives us many clever character sketches. This is especially noticeable in the second act, when all the modern people are put back seven hundred years. Miss Iola Glynn as Lady Rowena and Mr. Lloyd as the Jew and Mr. Denis Hogan as Sir Brian Ballymote were admirable, while the many beautiful young ladies, of whom Miss Violet Graham was, perhaps, the most lovely, looked their very best in the costumes of 1196. We wish there remained something new to tell or say of this amusing farce, but, finding that such an attempt is hopeless, we are content to add that "When Knights Were Bold" could never be seen to more advantage, and that no one should miss the chance that Mr. Welch offers us of enjoying the merriest night's entertainment now to be found in London.

### A Retrospective Revue

THE latest adventure at the Little Theatre results in a fairly amusing entertainment—with passages of boredom. Perhaps Mr. Bertram Forsyth and his ex-

cellent company are not quite sure as to the end they have in view, but it seemed to us that the revue eventually became what was probably a very admirable series of burlesques of personages whose fame has long been in the mouths of men.

We are presented with all sorts of historic matters of interest; there is a harpsichord that was bought by Napoleon for Marie Louise, and it is very nicely played upon and sung to by Mr. Ivor Novello, as the young Mozart—a very handsome and pleasant youth he seems, although his voice is not very alluring. The atmosphere of a theatre in the eighteenth century is suggested as fully as possible. A Royal Prince and his suite are welcomed by John Philip Kemble, Mr. Forsyth, walking backwards, bearing candles. Later the same character gives us a far too long prologue, written by Mr. Arthur Scott-Craven, telling us something we already knew about "our grandfathers' fathers or their sires." Later again Mr. Kemble appears as Lord Randolph in the once popular dreary nonsense which the Rev. John Home called "Douglas."

In the scene of this banal play Miss Marjorie Patterson gives us something that is supposed to be like Mrs. Siddons; the presentment may have some characteristics in common with that great lady of the stage, but is certainly not like her in appearance, and Miss Della Pointer presents us with that ultimate bore, the Infant Roscius. There are a few burlesque points in his representation of "Douglas" which amuse, but the rest is tedious. The once famous amateur, Mr. Coates, then appears as Romeo, and as Mr. Nigel Playfair acts the part it is delightfully funny, although not the least like the Coates of history.

Every now and then there are intervals for orange girls and an amusing eighteenth century stage manager and for the harpsichord. After one of these pauses, which are very pleasant, comes Garrick's Hamlet, played by Mr. Forsyth. Of course, the present manager of the Little Theatre is entitled to his own view of how Garrick acted, but, judging by the well-known history of the actor, we should say it was utterly unlike him, and it is all the funnier on that account.

Mrs. Abington's Queen of Miss Beatrice Smith seems a far more probable and at the same time satiric performance. The scene is helped out by the excellent acting of that part of the audience who crowd on to the stage, Mr. Moffat Johnston as Lord Englefield giving us a true touch of the eighteenth century character, and many of the others bring some of the air of Garrick's time to the other side of the footlights—which are supposed to be candles.

"As It Used to Be" then gives us a little bit of "The Beggar's Opera," excellently played by Miss Hannah Jones as Mrs. Peachum, Mr. Laurence Leonard as Captain Macheath, Mr. Moffat Johnston as Peachum, and Miss Hilliard as the engaging Polly. We see that Mr. Pearce, who wrote a lively book on the subject recently, suggests that the musical piece should be played as a whole, and we are inclined to think that if it were wisely edited it would make a success even now, although there are several dull and impossible parts of

it which should be adjusted to modern views. After the act of the opera we have an epilogue spoken by Mr. Forsyth, and so home with the impression that this gentleman has found just the sort of thing that, with some additions and changes, could be made to fill the Little Theatre for a considerable time.

EGAN MEW.

### The Irish Players

MR. T. C. MURRAY, whose "Birthright" proclaimed him as one of the most promising of the playwrights fostered by the wandering Abbey Theatre company, held the larger part of the programme last week with a one-act play entitled "Sovereign Love" and his two-act play, "Maurice Harte." "Sovereign Love" was a first production, and though written with excellent humour throughout, was savoured with a fine salt of satire. We may be permitted to protest against the way in which the Court Theatre audience prepares itself to laugh at everything the Irish Players may say or do, as though they were a comic troupe. The Irish pronunciation of English, for example, is not a comic thing, but just a musical way of speaking a not very musical tongue. Some of the laughter that met "Sovereign Love" must have been galling to Mr. Murray as a dramatist, and rather diminished the force of the laughter at other parts where the humorous intention was apparent. Indeed, we are not sure that Mr. Murray would not have preferred his satire to have been received in perfect silence; and no doubt in Ireland, the proper place for such a play, that would have occurred. For the picture of the two old men bargaining over the marriage of their son and daughter was more sad than humorous; and the final scene, where one of them "reneagues" because an American suitor comes forward and wins through a longer purse, though greeted with roars of laughter, was not a comical thing at all. Mr. Murray's choice of a title makes his attitude quite clear, at any rate. Happily, such scenes, that have become a travesty of what was once a justifiable system, are becoming rarer, owing to a variety of causes, one of them being a more resolute attitude on the part of the younger generation in Ireland. Mr. Murray constructs his play well, and has a fine sense of the stage. The dialogue is good. He was very well supported by the players, Mr. Kerrigan in particular being admirable. And Mr. Sydney Morgan, as the other of the two bargainers, played with his accustomed strength.

"Maurice Harte" we noticed at some length on its first production last year. It has been very much improved since on the part of the players; but Mr. Murray cannot persuade us that it is not a falling away from "Birthright." "Birthright" was built out of human emotions, whereas "Maurice Harte" is built upon a postulate. It would in any case have been a very difficult thing for Mr. Murray to make real for us so remote a situation as he faces. The idea of a man chosen for the priesthood because of the social aspiration of his

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parents, and driven to lunacy because he feels he has not a "vocation," is remote enough. But when that remote thing is not expounded in terms of the man's own psychology, but is stated and assumed throughout, for us only to perceive its terrible effects on the parents, then we feel inclined to protest against such cruelty that does not appear to proceed from a sufficient cause. In the result, "Maurice Harte" harrows us without any compensating purgation, and we put away its thought because the emotion has not come with a sufficient warranty. In contrast, "Birthright" remains with us always, because it commanded our sympathy at every step. But at least the production was free from the many gaucheries that so marred it last year.

D. F.

On Tuesday, June 9, Mr. John Lane published "The Works of John Hoppner, R.A.," by William McKay and W. Roberts, with photogravure plates, the majority of which are taken from pictures never before reproduced, and a frontispiece printed in colours. Many of the plates are India prints. Mr. John Lane announces that he has taken over the 150 copies of this book, originally published by Messrs. Colnaghi, which still remain of the 500 copies originally printed. Mr. Roberts has written a supplement to bring the work thoroughly up to date, and this includes all the latest information on the subject, and contains six extra illustrations. This supplement is bound with the 150 copies of the original edition. The published price of the complete work is five guineas, but those who possess copies of the original edition and wish to obtain copies of the supplement will be able to do so at the price of one guinea net.

### "THE ACADEMY" ACROSTIC COMPETITION

The Literary Competition which concluded in THE ACADEMY of June 6 created such widespread interest that we purpose giving another competition to commence in our next issue. We have arranged with an expert to prepare us a series of ACROSTICS on literary lines. They will be twelve in number, and will run from June 27 weekly. Conditions and Prizes will be announced next week.

## At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

WE came back to the House on June 9; but, as usual, the Whips put down nothing of importance for the first week, because it is so difficult to get men back from the holidays. John Burns introduced an amending Bill to patch up some of the holes which experience has worn in the slovenly Insurance Act. "Peckham," as usual, hit the nail on the head when he said the Bill was introduced because an Act which is supposed to be popular is working very badly.

Next came a much needed Milk Bill. If all one hears about the way milk is handled be true, one would never drink another drop. There were very few Radicals present, but Unionists watched the Bill with interest. Some from the agricultural constituencies watched on behalf of the farmers, while London members looked after the retailer; the majority of us gave the Bill a hearty reception, and Harry Barnston, who knows, said it was the best Milk Bill that had yet been produced.

On Wednesday we had a great Post Office night. Pressure, more or less heavy, according to the number of the postal employees in a constituency, was brought to bear on every member, not only to attend, but to vote. The lobby was full all day long of employees "buttonholing" members, interviewing them singly or by means of deputations, and sending in cards for admittance wholesale. To make sure of getting in, one gentleman sent in twelve cards to members he did not know, on the chance of one being able to grant his earnest desire to hear the debate.

If he succeeded in getting in, which I doubt, he did not witness anything very exciting. Hobhouse assumed his *blasé*, rather sulky, manner. Men rose in battalions on either side, armed with printed briefs supplied by the endless number of associations which look after the interests of the infinite number of classes of employee. The Holt report appears to have recognised that there are grievances—that, strange to say, under a Radical Free Trade Government, all the necessities of life had gone up, while the postman's wages had not risen in proportion. On the other hand, although the Committee recommended a considerable amount of relief, this had been whittled down by exceptions, with the result that the new men joining the service would really benefit. This naturally annoys the man who is left out after twenty or thirty years in the service.

Touche, the clever accountant, whose head always reminds one of the bust representing Homer, made an excellent speech. His constituency takes in part of the town which represents the G.P.O., and I suppose he has more electors in the employ of the P.M.G. than not. As the afternoon wore on, Radicals joined in the fray—the philosophic Dickinson, big-headed Rowntree, and Mr. Dundas White of Glasgow; all of them belaboured the unfortunate report. Things were getting exciting; Illingworth, the Chief Whip, came

in two or three times, and reported what was being said in the lobby. It would be a serious thing if the Labour men felt obliged to back up the demands of the Unionists. Lloyd George went out and had a chat with Ramsay MacDonald. When the latter got up, he suggested the appointment of a small expert committee to consider the report of Holt's Committee. Hobhouse roused himself from his recumbent position, and declared that Ramsay's speech was the finest he had ever heard. "He is a Government bonnet," said Goulding passionately. "I do not know what you mean," said Hobhouse, as if he had never heard the expression outside a milliner's shop. But the shaft went home, for Ramsay still more passionately said, "If it were in order, I should call the hon. member a liar." "You are merely adopting Gilbert Parker's suggestion," shouted the Unionists.

Things were very serious; the Unionists were there in tremendous force; if the Labour members, or any considerable part of them, broke away, the Government would be defeated. Hobhouse agreed to set up such a Committee "at the earliest possible moment." "You are doing this to save your skin," shouted the indomitable Goulding, who was not at all grateful. But the Labour men, as usual, were only too anxious to save their faces. They swept into the division lobby behind the official Whips; but, in spite of this, the Government could only number a majority of 54.

On Thursday the Prime Minister had to throw over his Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lloyd George is so inaccurate on the platform that, after every great speech he makes, his veracity is questioned. At the Ipswich election he said: "The British aristocracy and their friends were crowing jubilantly over the mutinies in the Army." Griffith-Boscawen asked the Prime Minister for particulars of the mutinies that had taken place. The Prime Minister was obliged to confess there had been none. Lloyd George later on had to say he meant "prospective" mutinies—which is a very different thing. "Then the statement about the Army was a downright lie," said Tullibardine.

Robert Cecil then called attention to the recent outrageous actions of the Suffragettes, and moved a reduction in the salary of the Home Secretary. McKenna defended his Cat and Mouse Act, and declared that the Suffragettes wanted to die. He would find out whether the wealthy women who subscribed the funds which enabled these crimes to be committed could not be indicted for conspiracy. While he was speaking, a bomb went off in Westminster Abbey and did some damage to the Coronation Chair. Arthur Markham called the Home Secretary's treatment of the whole question "sloppy sentimentalism." Lord Winterton opined that militancy is a blood-relation to the platform oratory of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Rupert Gwynne said that if the Home Secretary could not govern he had better get out. Those in favour of votes for women joined with the "antis" in declaring something must be done; but no one seemed to know of any real remedy. It was declared that half a million pounds' worth of property

had been destroyed, and that the police expense was enormous.

On Friday we had a miscellaneous assortment of little Bills. John Burns introduced one to reduce accidents at sea, from experience gathered in the *Titanic* and *Empress of Ireland* disasters. There had been an international convention, in which all countries had agreed that every ship carrying over 50 people should be furnished with a wireless apparatus; there was to be a patrol in the Atlantic to watch for icebergs and destroy derelicts; there should be compulsory drill, and adequate provision of lifeboats. To the credit of the shipowners, it should be recorded that, although all this will greatly increase the expense, the members representing the Mercantile Marine cordially agreed with these suggestions. Lord Kitchener wanted an amendment to the Bill providing money for the Soudan—and as it will please the Lancashire cotton industry, this was agreed to. Then Ireland wanted some money for school teachers. Gretton wanted to know why this was necessary if Home Rule was about to come into force. Birrell did not know how to answer this; but it is characteristic of the Irish that they should try to get all they can before the Act comes into force or—in case it does not. They were taking no risks where money was concerned.

On Monday interest shifted from the House of Commons to the Lords. We cannot pretend to hope that Lord Lansdowne read our article on the general situation last week, but he had certainly taken a step which shows he sees through Mr. Asquith's evasions and delay, for he gave notice that he intended to raise the question why the Amending Bill has not been produced ere this. What is the meaning or reason of this delay? Twelve weeks have slipped by and nothing has been done. He told the Government plainly that the peers would not debate the Home Rule Bill without having time to consider the Bill which is to modify it. Lord Camperdown bluntly wanted to know if it is drafted yet. Lord Crewe was not in a position to say exactly how far even the drafting had proceeded.

In the Commons the action of the Government in spending £2,000,000 on an oil supply in Persia—150 miles from the sea in an unsettled country—is being narrowly watched and criticised. People who know something about oil seem to doubt the wisdom of the whole proceeding and think we could have spent our money to better advantage elsewhere.

Then the Plural Voting Bill came up again for the second time. In the larger Reform Bill which was wrecked by the Women's question two years ago there were a great many parts of it acceptable to the Unionists. The Radical Party have chosen to proceed in this Bill with the one point which will tell heavily against their opponents. The Bill is a very short and simple one; it is merely a Bill with penalties not exceeding six weeks' imprisonment or £20 fine for a man who votes twice at a General Election. It is difficult to find fresh arguments, and the debate was lifeless and per-

functory; but under the Parliament Bill it had to take place.

Peter Sanders, the popular Whip, moved the rejection, and angered his adversaries by solemnly pronouncing that it was a "low-down trick." Hugh Cecil, who, like his father, is becoming "a master of jibes and flouts and sneers," compared the Ministry's idea of honour to one which he quoted from a Hansard of nearly two hundred years ago. "They have adopted," said he, "a kind of post-impressionist standard of honour which we consider rather smudgy." His description of the original plan, by which members represented communities or districts rather than a given set of people, was extremely lucid, for it led irresistibly to the conclusion that all interests should be represented, and that men might and did have very real interests in two or more districts. Hence the logical position of the plural vote.

Major Morrison-Bell made a fine speech on his pet subject of the inequalities of Parliamentary representation. "What was the use," said Sir William Bull, "of talking of the alleged iniquities of plural voting when we had Kilkenny sending one representative to Parliament, and Romford, thirty-four times larger, sending only one also—when there were forty-two per cent. of Unionists in Scotland, and only eight representatives out of seventy-two?" He stoutly affirmed his belief that a man with a stake in the country should have more power than the man who had not.

Tickler, the new member for Grimsby, made his maiden speech. I never saw anything more casually done—five minutes before he got up he had no more idea of doing it than sitting on the front bench. In easy colloquial language, without a note, he seized on the principal points, said how he had spoken against the Bill in his election, and wound up with the Claimant's celebrated description of men with brains and men with money. He said "but" several times, but pronounced it "bud," which amused the House. The Government majority was seventy-eight.

On Tuesday there was a frontal attack by the Unionist Party all along the line. In the House of Lords, Lord Lansdowne moved his vote of censure, with the result that the amending Bill is to be brought in next week. Two features stood out to my mind. One was the calm assumption of Lord Salisbury that he would succeed Lord Lansdowne as Leader of the Peers and thus carry on the political dynasty of the Cecils, and the other the welcome part that the Earl of Crawford took in the debate. Since his father's death he has been very quiet, but we now hope that he will once more take an active part in politics. He is the very man we want at the present time. He is young and alert, but cool and experienced, with an intellect that will be priceless in the days that are impending. Lord Crewe rather mystified the House by saying there had been a "conversation"—well, not exactly a conversation, but a "communication"—with the other side. This turned out to be nothing more than a request from Asquith to Carson to let him have a map of Ulster showing him the difference in population.

When the Unionist members got their whips in the morning they were somewhat surprised to find it a three-lined one. "Why on earth should we be dragged back from Ascot merely to vote on one of cheerful Charlie's resolutions about swine fever or bee diseases?" Such was the grumbling question of many, but the inwardness of the matter displayed itself when Lord Robert Cecil got up and moved the adjournment of the House to discuss the question of the rival armies in Ireland. He wanted to know what the Government intended to do about the matter. It was admitted on all hands that both of them were entirely illegal, and a spark might cause a conflagration at any moment. Neil Primrose, who is getting more and more like his father in face and manner and attitude, speaking on the Government side, complained bitterly of the speeches made by some members of the Government. The First Lord of the Admiralty went to Bradford and said that the law ought to be enforced. He then comes to this House and on a vote of censure promptly veers round and makes an offer. We never know what he is going to say next. He is the most perfect example of a human palimpsest extant. The adjournment was rejected by a majority of 65.

## Imperial and Foreign Affairs

### THE CRISIS IN THE NEAR EAST.

THE acute crisis which has arisen in the Near East will have given no surprise to anyone who has followed at all carefully the course of events since the outbreak of hostilities between the Balkan League and the Ottoman Empire. What should have proved the permanent settlement of antagonisms that, for a generation past, had made South-Eastern Europe a dangerous storm centre, merely resulted in the perpetuation of a state of perilous friction, from which, sooner or later, grave problems were bound to emerge. Indeed, little imagination is required to gauge the magnitude of the disaster brought about by the quarrel among the Allies. Until that moment, Turkey, chastened, though not humbled, was in no position to frame any other policy than that of internal regeneration and consolidation. As a factor of disturbance she had disappeared from Europe. When, however, the victors drew the sword against each other, one and all they practically invited her to disregard the lessons they had been at such pains to teach her, and to take advantage of their insane strife by endeavouring to retrieve the position she had lost. But history will record that the recapture of Adrianople counted as nothing in comparison with the elimination of Bulgaria. So long as the League remained intact, its individual adherents enjoyed the strength which comes from unity. Having beaten Turkey on the field of battle, it was only left for them to follow up their victories by combining in diplomacy, and the much vexed Balkan problem would have reached solution. As things are to-day, Turkey is once more able to adopt the Oriental policy of playing

off one State against the other, while taking advantage of the rivalries existing among the Great Powers, who remain more or less in the background.

The present crisis, then, is the outcome of the second Balkan conflict, without which the immediate causes that have led to disagreement would never have arisen. The truth of such an assertion will be found by reference to quite recent history. It will be remembered that the final disposition of the islands of Chios and Mytilene was left both by Turkey and Greece in the hands of the Powers. Early in the year an Identical Note was presented in Constantinople and Athens, confirming Greece in the possession of these islands, stipulating, however, that before such possession became officially operative, the Greek troops should be withdrawn from Southern Albania, and also that the island of Sasseno should be surrendered to the new Principality. Greece adhered faithfully to her part of the undertaking. It is true that some delay took place in carrying out the evacuation of Epirus; but it was a delay for which, while it undoubtedly suited the aims of Turkey, the Government in Athens could not be held responsible. The Porte soon made it clear that they had no intention of abiding by the decision of the Powers. In February, Ghalib Bey, Ottoman Minister at Athens, made a statement to the effect that, if friendly relations were to be maintained between Greece and Turkey, the latter must be allowed to regain possession of Chios and Mytilene. Meanwhile frantic efforts were being made throughout the Empire to gather in sufficient money for the acquisition of powerful warships. Moreover, Turkey was successful in floating a large loan in Paris, and, although it was expressly understood that the proceeds should not be devoted to warlike purposes, it is difficult to resist the contention that by being relieved of immediate State embarrassments the Government found itself in a position to employ its local monies in furtherance of a scheme of naval expansion. The net result of this activity means that within a few months Turkey will possess two formidable ships of super-Dreadnought fighting capacity, a circumstance that will give her a substantial margin of superiority over the Greek navy.

It is quite evident that the policy of Constantinople has been to keep the settlement of the islands question in abeyance until such time as the arrival of these two battleships in Turkish waters. Indeed, there has been all along little concealment as to the intentions of the Porte. To meet the situation, Greece first endeavoured herself to purchase warships in the open market, but without success. In the meantime a state of affairs already sufficiently delicate was complicated by the intrusion of another very troublesome question.

Thousands of Greeks, subjects of the Sultan, were submitted to persecution at the hands of the Moslems. They were driven from their houses, their property was plundered. Vast numbers of refugees found their way to Greek territory, where they have remained a heavy charge on the Greek Exchequer. To all remonstrances the Porte has so far given plausible denials of the existence of anything in the nature of persecution, and

has even formulated counter-charges of ill-treatment of Moslems and their consequent migration from territory in the occupation of the Greeks. No useful purpose would be served in inquiring at this stage into the rights or wrongs of this particular question. To tell the truth, outside the Balkans a general feeling of disgust prevails at these recriminations and counter-recriminations on the subject of the persecution of racial minorities. Too many lies have been told; too much capital is made out of lying. At the same time the mere fact that these charges have been made tends, as we have said, to complicate the situation.

In all the circumstances it is little wonder that at the present moment feeling runs high throughout Greece. Whether or not the Government is exploiting the agitation caused by the ill-treatment of Greeks in Turkey is, for all practical purposes, beside the question. M. Venizelos is no cynical opportunist, nor is he lacking in astuteness. He realises that, while the situation will not permit of procrastination, the moment, so far as national sentiment is concerned, could not be more favourable for decisive action. We cannot do otherwise than hold to the opinion that true statesmanship justifies the Greek Government in issuing at this stage the proclamation of annexation of Chios and Mytilene. Such action, together with the Note which has just been presented at the Porte demanding past and future satisfaction for Greek subjects residing in the Ottoman Empire, is rightly intended to force Turkey's hand. Delay would mean the delivery of the two Dreadnoughts to the latter Power and the temporary disappearance of Greek supremacy on the sea. At the time of writing, Athens is still awaiting the reply of the Porte. But it must not be taken for granted that the issue of peace or war is necessarily dependent upon the attitude Turkey should see fit to adopt. However conciliatory the terms of the reply to the Greek Note, the important fact remains that nothing can prevent the arrival of two powerful units to strengthen the Turkish navy within the next few months. If Greece is to safeguard her immediate future by employing her land and sea armaments, she must strike now. If she elects to keep the peace, it can only be because she has decided to rely upon the forces of her own diplomacy, backed by the assistance of her friends in the Balkans, and the support of the European Concert. The history of the past will not incline her to repose too much confidence in the offices of the Great Powers, while Servia and Montenegro can be of but slight service to her, except in the field of battle.

Whatever may be the issue of the present crisis, it would seem that a reshaping of the Balkans is inevitable. In spite of her set-back, Turkey remains a menace to tranquillity, for under the régime of the Committee her aggressive policy seems to have taken on a new lease of life. So much is evident from her attitude towards Greece, an attitude which she has deliberately adopted in implied defiance of the will of the Powers; but if further proof were needed, it is to be found in the intrigues which at present are undermining the integrity of Albania.

It must be confessed that in a general sense the outlook for the peace of Europe is disquieting. The visit of the Tsar to King Charles is perhaps not unconnected with the question of the Dardanelles, while it cannot fail to give rise to an uncomfortable feeling in Vienna, where, too late in the day, regrets are entertained that the goodwill of Rumania should not have been cultivated before Russia made her advances. To-day Rumania must be a deciding factor in any conflict that may arise in the Balkans. It is she alone who prevents Bulgaria from lending support to Turkey. Unsupported, it is difficult to see how, in the event of hostilities with Greece, the former Power can long sustain its European prestige. All indications go to show, therefore, that Russia is backing the winning side. But another triumph for Russian diplomacy will mean another drop in the cup of Austria's bitterness. Thus it would seem that a further period of European tension is approaching.

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## MOTORING

WHEN, some eight years ago, Mr. Charles Jarrott suggested the formation of a small body of cycling scouts to afford at least partial protection for motorists against the police "trapping" system which at one time threatened to render motoring in this country almost impossible, neither he nor anybody else could have foreseen that he had laid the foundation for such a gigantic organisation as the Automobile Association and Motor Union is to-day. The "A. A." is by far the biggest and most influential body of its kind in the world. Its original sphere of operations has been gradually extended from the mere function of protecting its members against police traps to the provision of almost everything conducive to comfort, convenience, and safety on the road; and, in fact, it has rendered itself so indispensable that it is now almost as natural for the owner of a car to join the A.A. and M.U. as it is for him to take out his licence. This objective is what the executive of the Association have been striving for, and they are thoroughly entitled to congratulation on the success already achieved. More especially is credit due to Mr. Stenson Cooke, who has proved an ideal secretary of the Association from its inception. It is primarily due to his energy, ability, and unflagging enthusiasm that the A.A. and M.U. is what it is to-day.

\* \* \*

The total membership of the Association now exceeds 80,000, and during the past few weeks it has been increasing at the rate of nearly one thousand per week. Some idea of the manifold activities of this unique organisation may be gathered from the fact that a permanent staff of over 700 is necessary to cope with the requirements of members. These requirements include arrangements for tours, shipping cars abroad, supplying routes for tours in this country and abroad, the provision of free legal advice and defence on all mat-

ters appertaining to the ownership of their vehicles, and the ensuring of safety and comfort while "on the road." A strong organisation of patrols for the protection of members against "trapping" is maintained—at a cost of about £30,000 per annum in wages—and every important main road in the country is now covered. In order that members resident in all parts of the kingdom may obtain prompt and effective service, branch offices, affording the same facilities as the London headquarters, have been established in the following important centres:—Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, Norwich, Exeter, Plymouth, Bristol, Cardiff, Swansea, Newhaven, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, Belfast, and Cork; whilst, for the convenience of members touring on the Continent, there are A.A. offices at Paris and Nice.

\* \* \*

The recent Tourist Trophy race was a triumph not merely for British cars, but also for British-made tyres. Every one of the competing cars except three was fitted with Dunlops, so that it is not surprising that the trophies, the cash prizes, and the fastest times for laps were all included in the Dunlop bag; but although this numerical preponderance of the British make limited the competitive nature of the contest so far as tyres were concerned, it should not be forgotten that each set had to go through the 600 miles test all the same, and that not a single car was "let down" through tyre failure. During the two days some of the times were faster than had ever been accomplished before in the Isle of Man, and each car had to fight its way over a course that contained every element requisite for a supreme test. British makers, both of cars and tyres, have therefore every reason to look back upon the revived T.T. contest with satisfaction.

\* \* \*

One of the drivers in the great Austrian Alpine Tour, which commenced on the 14th instant and finishes on the 24th inst., is the English amateur, Mr. Tinsley Waterhouse, the car he has selected being a Vauxhall of the standard Colonial type. It differs from the well-known "Prince Henry" in that it has 880 by 120 m.m. wheels instead of 820 by 120; a 3.6 to 1 top gear instead of 3 to 1, and stiffer springs. The radiator is also larger. The engine is of moderate size—95 by 140. The chassis is fitted with Derihon Shock Absorbers and a "tell-tale" water-gauge to radiator. Special protection is afforded to the carburettor by a gauze shield. It is to be hoped that the Vauxhall, as a representative British car, will meet with better luck than in the Tourist Trophy race, and, may we add, that a little more time has been spent in preparation for a strenuous international contest.

R. B. H.

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A new story by James Lane Allen, author of "The Choir Invisible," begins in the July number of "The Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine," entitled "A Cathedral Singer."

## In the Temple of Mammon

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Any of our readers who may be in doubt as regards their securities can obtain the opinion of our City Editor in the next issue of the journal. Each query must contain the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Those correspondents who do not wish their names to appear must choose an initial or pseudonym. Letters to be addressed to the City Office, 15, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

**M**ARKETS remain motionless; there is no attempt to sell shares, but no one wants to buy any. The dealers have protected themselves by going short in almost every market, and this is the only reason why we do not get a severe slump. A week or two back prospects looked clearer. Then came the Albanian trouble, and on top of that the quarrel between Turkey and Greece. The intervention of the Bank of France did not promote confidence. Yet both in the United States and Great Britain the financial position is remarkably sound. In both countries traders have had three or four years of high prices, and the whole nation has made money. President Wilson declares that the depression is psychological. It does not much matter what you call it. The depression exists and is none the less unpleasant because it is given a long name. The public declines to subscribe to anything. It left the Canadian Government loan in the hands of the underwriters, and it did not treat the Russian Railway loan very much better. It is hardly likely that the issue of the Investment Registry, which is really a relief loan for the Brazil Traction group, will be subscribed. It appears most unattractive.

Yet the present moment, forbidding as it may seem, is one in which the cautious investor can pick up many first-class gilt-edged securities. Irish Land stock yields nearly  $3\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. and India stock 4 per cent. The British Government has guaranteed the Turkish 1885 loan, and to-day it yields nearly 4 per cent. Lincoln, a Trustee Corporation stock, gives 4 per cent. Port of London and Thames Conservancy, both yield 4 per cent. The new Canadian loan is at a discount and therefore yields over 4 per cent. New Zealand, Queensland, South Australia, Victoria and Western Australia Trustee stocks all give 4 per cent. With the present price of money it is impossible that these loans can remain at their present figure. They must appreciate during the next six months. Do not forget that although the yield is only 4 per cent., that a 5 per cent. rise in a year is a magnificent profit on such securities, and such profit seems a certainty.

When we come to what may be called the second grade of good securities we get  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. without any difficulty. The City of Quebec yields this. Port Elizabeth loan gives the same yield. The City of Vancouver shows up well, and the City of Wellington and the City of Victoria are worth thinking about. In each case the risk is hardly to be considered. If we take foreign loans, the yield is even higher. For example, the City of Budapest, one of the most important of European capitals, gives a yield of 5 per cent. Buenos Ayres also gives 5 per cent. Lima gives even higher and Moscow almost 5 per cent. There is really very little risk with any of these loans. Argentine issues yield 5 per cent. Chilians stand about the same level, and the Russian railway loans can be bought to pay nearly 5 per cent. There is no question about the stability of these countries, and it is most unlikely that

the present low prices will continue. The public is perfectly determined not to buy Home Railway stocks. It has been completely scared out of the market, and in spite of the fact that traffics on Great Western, North Eastern, Midland and Great Northern are reasonably good, the price sags. There seems very little doubt that the Labour leaders are only bluffing. It is suspected that they are working for nationalisation, and that they make the speeches with the concurrence of the Government, who desire to have their hands forced. Public opinion is so strongly against any strike that it would be impossible for the railwaymen to hold out very long. But we think that all idea of a strike may be dismissed. It will end in talk.

The foreign market has been completely disorganised. Every important Greek in London declares that his nation is determined to go to war with Turkey. Greece has been preparing for war ever since it found that Turkey had purchased the battleship from Armstrongs. It does not mean Turkey to obtain possession of this ship. The Continent believes that the war can be localised. Bulgaria now holds a strip of country which separates Turkey from Greece. Therefore, land operations are impossible. The Albanian question remains unsettled. The only thing that can possibly improve the position of the foreign market is the successful issue of a French national loan. The sooner that loan is out of the way the better. There is no news from China. Affairs there seem to be in a dangerous condition. Seldom has the American market been so idle. Wall Street is determined to do everything it can to discredit President Wilson. It looks upon him as a person whose tendencies are distinctly dangerous. Certainly, he has mismanaged the Mexican business, and he appears quite determined to make it unpleasant for the railways. He declared that the railway magnates are responsible for the present dull trade in the United States. Such an assertion is incapable of proof. The railways are not ordering simply because traffics are falling away so fast, and taxation increases each year. Therefore, the only way in which the dividends can be maintained is by the exercise of rigid economy. We are now nearly approaching the end of the fiscal year. Atchison, Pennsylvania, and one or two others of the big lines will be able to maintain their dividend, but there is no doubt that the smaller roads are in a bad condition. The Gould estate came to the rescue of Missouri Pacific and found nearly a million dollars for the purpose of taking up the deposited notes. In this way a receivership was avoided. Chesapeake has had a bad year, and it is impossible that any dividend can be paid next year. The New Haven scandal runs its weary length day by day through the American newspapers. Mr. Mellen has attempted to evade blame by accusing the late J. Pierpont Morgan of all sorts of financial excesses. It was a bold step to take, and if it does not come off is likely to end in serious trouble for Mr. Mellen, who has now got the house of Morgan against him. The Inter-State Commerce Commission has not yet given its rate decision, but it seems settled that the roads will get between 3 per cent. and 4 per cent. increase. That may give the market a much-needed fillip.

There is little or no business doing in Rubber. Most of the important companies have issued their reports, and those that now appear have no effect upon the market. The Rubber Exhibition will shortly open, and may attract public attention once again to the great industry. There is hardly a town in England where large blocks of Rubber shares are not held. Unfortunately, most of them were purchased during the boom, and the holders cannot realise without making a heavy loss. However, Plantation keeps firm round 2s. 4d., and at this figure carefully managed companies can make handsome profits. No rise is

## TO THE SECRETARIES OF LITERARY & DEBATING SOCIETIES.

Every week, before some literary or debating society, papers are read by local ladies and gentlemen, if not by those of wider reputation, in which thought on affairs, on books, on art, science, or philosophy is crystallised.

Often we have been astonished when listening to papers and discussions in local societies by the excellent thoughts excellently expressed, which fall from the lips of men who are yet a long way off the eminence of a Balfour or a Haldane.

Why should these efforts go unnoticed outside the circles of the village or the town in which they originate?

We propose to allot some portion of the space of "The Academy" as often as may be necessary to a notice or a quotation from any of these papers whose intrinsic merits warrant either. This is an absolute novelty in London journalism, and can only prove the success we hope it will be if the Secretaries lend us their co-operation. If they will communicate with us we shall be happy to make arrangements with them which may be pleasing to them and to the authors of the papers or addresses, and will, we believe, be useful and interesting to our readers.

Sometimes we should be glad to publish a lengthy extract, sometimes a sentence or two, always an epigram or a paradox with which the local orator may elucidate or illumine a topic.

Letters to Editors from any corner of the country or the world which contain a point or convey information are always welcome: why should not a wider publicity be given to utterances which are none the less worthy of notice because they were prepared for the purely local audience?

## The Outlook

For June 20th contains

## PETERSBURG DREAMS

By DOSTOIEVSKY

An Autobiographical Sketch hitherto unpublished in English

## THE OUTLOOK

PRICE SIXPENCE WEEKLY

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS

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probable, but it is clear that we have almost reached the bottom. The discussion in regard to the Anglo-Persian Oil deals drags along. The opponents of the Government are attempting to find a second Marconi scandal, but it would seem to an impartial observer that there is nothing in the deal except stupidity. Premier Oil and Pipe have had a small rise mainly because the "bears" have been buying back. The Assam Oil figures were reasonably good. This concern continues to make slow progress. The strike in Baku has had a bad effect upon Russian Oil shares. The settlement in Anglo-Egyptians passed off successfully, the "bull" account being much smaller than was anticipated. Spies are now 19s., at which price they are worth holding. The misfortunes of the Emba Caspian have yet to be told. The shares are unsaleable. The circular issued by the Chartered Company, although it contained some good points, had little or no effect upon the market. The dividends that continue to be announced in the Kaffir market are none of them particularly satisfactory. Tin shares continue to be sold, and the Copper figures for the first fortnight of June are so discouraging that "bulls" continue to sell their holdings in all Copper securities. There have been a few dealings in the Canadian group. Prices on the whole have sagged. There is evidently nothing to go for in the Mining market, which remains most depressed. Miscellaneous shares remain idle. The Hudson's Bay report showed a reduced dividend, and the shares have been sold to below 9. All Canadian securities have been offered. A dead set has been made at Maypole Dairy deferred on the tale that the report would be bad. Shipping shares continue weak. Forestal Lands have been steadily offered, but it is now said that although the dividend must be reduced the figures in the report will be on the whole reassuring.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. M. P.—PINDENIOYA RUBBER.—"T. M. P." points out that the Pindenioya Rubber talks of reducing capital in order to wipe off deposits, and be able to sooner pay a dividend. He wishes to know what advantage there is in this. I consider that the policy suggested by Mr. Yuille is thoroughly sound. Pindenioya balance sheet showed coolie coast advances £6,073, an item that is practically irrecoverable, and it showed preliminary expenses £3,384, an asset which is also of no value. Then there is a loss of £1,926. If the capital of the company were written down by £15,000 it would hurt no one, and the assets would then much more fairly represent the £45,000 than they do to-day. The company is carefully administered, and has a reasonable chance of success. But what shareholders want is a dividend, and this they can never get until the balance sheet has been put on a sound basis.

ACADEMUS asks why EDMONTON 5 per cent. scrip stands so low. The second-rate Canadian towns have all borrowed far too much money, and they have used this money in a very extravagant fashion. Cautious bond houses in Canada now refuse to finance the second class towns at all, and they are compelled to go to New York or London for their money. Edmonton is a growing place, and one of these days will no doubt be a very prosperous town, but to-day at any rate in the eyes of the big Canadian bond houses, it ranks as a second-rate city. I think myself that the loan is quite safe, but the market is a poor one, and if we get any further Canadian slump the price might fall still lower.

LIVERPUDLIAN wants to know why BAUCHI (Nigeria) Tin 10s. preference shares are only quoted at 7s. 6d., and

thinks that they are fully worth 10s. It is quite true that the output from Bauchi is steadily going up, but my correspondent must remember that the price of tin is going down rapidly, and that Bauchi, in spite of its increased output, will not be able to show any better profits for 1914 than it did for 1913, when it made £67 a ton profit. The financial position of the company may be fairly safe if the loans against security are all right. It has lent £50,000, and if this money can be called in at any moment, all well. Personally, I should consider Bauchi preference highly speculative.

J. G.—The fall in MAYPOLE deferred is due to a fear that the company is not doing well, but if the Van den Bergh balance-sheet is any criterion it is possible that the "bears" may be disappointed. You must not forget that the holders of deferred received a very handsome bonus by the distribution of shares at 2s. each. All the same, I think the deferred are fully valued to-day. The company is in a magnificent position financially, having one of the strongest balance sheets in the Industrial market.

KENTISHMAN.—I do not think that the resignation of the Burrs from the KENT COAL CONCESSIONS will have any effect upon the shares. What Kent Coal wants is about five millions of money to exploit its various collieries, and how it is to get this money no one knows. It seems to me that Kent Coal Concessions at their present price are fully valued. I am perfectly certain that there is a large coal-field in Kent, but I am equally certain that it will take between five and six millions of money to exploit it, and until this money is spent, very little return will come to the shareholders.

P. & P.—You should certainly sell all your Iron and Steel shares. Trade is going down fast, and although PEASE & PARTNERS report was good, it is most improbable that the results of the current year will be equal to those of last year.

EGYPT.—UNION FONCIERE report was moderately good. At the present price of the shares the land appears to be only valued at a little over £23 per feddan. As the book cost of this land is about £61 15s. per feddan there seems room for considerable appreciation in the £5 shares. The company owns 9,647 feddans, which it sells round about £83 a feddan. It is financed by the Land Bank, to which it now owes £133,400. The Parisians are buying Union Foncière, as they think the shares are cheap. Personally I should prefer to buy Salt and Sodas, which I look upon as quite the best bargain in the Egyptian market.

The arrangements for the Royal Hunt Cup (Totalisator Co., Lucerne, H. Cullerne-Bown, Managing Director) draw of £3,000 took place on Saturday last in the presence of several well-known leading journalists. The fortunate winner is Mr. A. Crane, of Earls Court Road, W. Subscribers should watch for the St. Leger £5,000.

The flying race from Hendon to Manchester and back in one day will take place on Saturday, June 20, and the competitors will start from the Hendon Aerodrome in the order of their handicap times at intervals between 8 a.m. and 11.30 a.m., the winners being expected to arrive back at Hendon shortly after five o'clock the same afternoon. The total distance is approximately 325 miles, and the pilots must make a stop of half an hour at Birmingham both on the outward and return trip.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## THE PRETTIEST VILLAGE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir

Kindly do me a favour and mention Patcham Village Sussex near Brighton in your Valuable Journal I Claim this Village as the best in Sussex and want to make it the headquarters of other Villages You can copy what is on this Postcard I feel sure when once people have been to see this Pretty Village they would want to live and die their.

Homerton.

H. COHEN.

[We print this communication as received.—ED. ACADEMY.]

## AMERICA AND MEXICO.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Edwin Ridley (of Buffalo, U.S.A.), in his long letter in to-day's ACADEMY in reply to mine of May 2 is extremely interesting because he really shows that there are people in the States who do not approve of buccaneering expeditions under the Stars and Stripes. No doubt President Wilson is one of them, and I am not prepared to say he is not. All I would ask Mr. Ridley is this: Why did not Mr. Wilson stop the export of arms and of marauders across the American border? If he had left Villa and the rest to be dealt with by the *de facto* President, Huerta, there would have been no need for the American expedition! To have drawn Mr. Ridley's letter is something perhaps to the good, but he does not convince, Yours very truly,

June 13, 1914.

ARTHUR WALLACE.

## CHILDREN AND HOLIDAYS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—May we invoke the hospitality of your columns once more, on behalf of the Children's Country Holidays Fund, to ask all those who are fortunate enough to obtain a holiday to bear in mind the needs of the poor children of London?

The Fund has now been at work for over thirty years. During that time it has given nearly a million children a fortnight's holiday each in the country or at the sea. It is recognised that the month during which the schools are closed is perhaps the most critical period in the year for the children. Not only do they tend to forget what they have learnt during term, but they are thrown back upon their home life, with nothing to occupy their minds, save the chance excitements of the street.

The ideal way of dealing with them is to get them out of London for a space of time sufficient to allow new impressions to take effect on their minds. This is the aim of the Children's Country Holidays Fund. It gives the children not a day, but a whole fortnight in the country, and it sends them to live in cottages where they share in the life and habits of the country people, and where they get a glimpse of a whole new world, totally different from anything to which they have been hitherto accustomed.

Last year, owing to lack of funds, the numbers dealt with had to be cut down by 800. Even so, 45,602 children were made the happier by a fortnight's holiday. But it was a bitter disappointment to those 800 to be left out, and we appeal to your readers to help us not only to send them, but several hundreds more of the thousands of children in London who have never been away. Donations sent to the Earl of Arran, Hon. Treasurer, C.C.H.F., 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., will be most gratefully

acknowledged. Every £1 given ensures a fortnight's holiday for two children.

On behalf of the Executive Committee,

Yours faithfully,

LOREBURN.

HAMBLEDEN.

Trustees of the C.C.H.F.

## ENGLISH IDIOMATIC EXPRESSIONS DONE INTO GERMAN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—A copy of THE ACADEMY, No. 2,195, containing a review of the above book, has just come into my hands, and I shall be glad if you will allow me space to inform your critic that "ä" is included among the "difficult sounds for Englishmen," as it is not, as is generally supposed, pronounced like the "a" in "day, way, say, or pay." The German "ä" has an impossible twang to it, accurately produced by a hungry lambkin on the hillside. (Kathleen suggests placing said wee lamb on the other side of a smoothly flowing river, when the Yankee-like nasality of its voice will be softened by the water—as per our experiment with a gramophone—thus producing the German "ä" in all its beauty.)

As for "Es regnet alte weiber," this expression is only used in certain parts of North Germany, but it shall be included in the Second Edition. "Es regnet Bindfaden" is, perhaps, the best expression, as everybody knows it; and we have always tried to give expressions known all over Germany in preference to those known but to a limited few. Yours faithfully,

HERBERT PARKER.

4, Von der Tann St., Munich.

June 15, 1914.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED

## VERSE.

- Poems.* By Margaret Cropper. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
- Des Imagistes: An Anthology.* (The Poetry Bookshop. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Poems and Legends.* By Charles Stratford Catty. (Smith, Elder and Co. 5s. net.)
- Will o' the Wisp, and the Wandering Voice.* By Thomas Bouch. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Lord's Mother: St. Luke's Quest.* A Dramatic Poem. By A. Boyd Scott. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)
- Cubist Poems.* By Max Weber. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
- Elfin Chants and Railway Rhythms.* By Edmund Vale. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
- Poems.* By Rita Francis Mosscockle. With Portrait. (Elkin Mathews. 5s. net.)
- Florentine Vignettes.* Metrical Letters of the late Vernon Arnold Slade. Edited by Wilfrid Thorley. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Post Meridian Verse.* By W. H. Houlden. (Walter Black and Co. Nottingham. 1s. net.)
- Faeryland.* By Charles Cammell. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 3s. 6d. net.)
- England over Seas.* By Lloyd Roberts. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Artegal, a Drama; Poems and Ballads.* By Blanche C. Hardy. (John Long. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Bequeathed Mid-Ocean.* By Blanche A. Brock. (John Long. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Lords of the Restless Sea, and Songs of Scotland.* By T. B. Hennell. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
- A Cluster of Grapes.* An Anthology collected by Gallo-way Kyle. (Erskine Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Song of the Five, and Other Poems.* By Cecil Garth. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
- Ballads and Burdens.* By V. Goldie. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)
- The Street of Dreams.* By W. K. Seymour. (John G. Wilson. 2s. net.)
- Rough Edges.* By B. H. G. Arkwright. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Collected Poems.* By Norman Gale. (Macmillan and Co. 6s. net.)
- Britain's National Epic Poem.* By J. F. Rowbotham. (Thomas Cromwell.)
- Moorland Sanctuary, and Other Poems.* By R. H. Law. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
- Pagan: A Book of Verse.* By Amy Skovgaard-Pedersen. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Neige d'Antan.* By Evan Mor. (Jones and Evans. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Jephthah's Daughter.* By Anna Bunston. (Erskine Macdonald.)
- A Vagabond's Philosophy in Various Moods.* By A. Safroni-Middleton. (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
- For Better for Worse, and Other Poems.* By the Author of "Dove Sono." Illustrated. (Wm. Reeves. 2s.)
- The Ride Home.* By Florence W. Evans. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.25 net.)
- Lux Juventutis.* By Katharine A. Esdaile. (Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Poems of Human Progress.* By James Harcourt West. (The Tufts College Press, Boston. \$1.50 net.)
- Ballads of Old Bristol.* By R. E. Sharland. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 1s. net.)

- Wayfaring: Ballads and Songs.* By Tinsley Pratt. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
- A Ballad of Woman, and Other New Poems.* By W. E. B. Henderson. (Kegan Paul and Co.)
- Poems from Beyond.* By the Author of "Nature's Way." (W. H. Smith and Son. 1s. net.)

## FICTION.

- Johnnie Maddison.* By John Haslette. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)
- Mrs. Vanderstein's Jewels.* By Mrs. Charles Bryce. (John Lane. 6s.)
- The Hour of Conflict.* By A. Hamilton Gibbs. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
- Sword and Cross.* By Silas K. Hocking. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
- The Stepsister.* By Maude Leeson. With Frontispiece. (Blackie and Son. 6s.)
- The Quick and the Dead.* By Edwin Pugh. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)
- One Man's Way.* By Evelyn Dickinson. (George Allen and Co. 6s.)
- The Expropriators.* By James Blyth. (Digby, Long and Co. 6s.)
- My Lady Rosia.* By Freda M. Groves. (R. and T. Washbourne. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Lord Clandonnell.* By S. M. Christina. (R. and T. Washbourne. 2s.)
- The Whistling Man.* By M. Foster. (D. Appleton and Co. 6s.)
- A Lad of Kent.* By Herbert Harrison. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)
- Dubliners.* By James Joyce. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)
- That Mighty City: A Study in Contemporary Manners.* By Ashmore K. P. Wingate. With a Preface by Yves Guyot. (W. C. Henderson and Son, St. Andrews. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Hustler Paul.* By John Cleveland. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)
- The Six Rubies.* By Justus Miles Forman. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock and Co. 3s. 6d.)
- The House of Mammon.* By Fred M. White. With Coloured Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)
- Lovers' Meetings.* By Katharine Tynan. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)
- Vandover and the Brute.* By Frank Norris. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)
- Tales of Two Countries.* By Maxim Gorky. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- Sir Charles Saunders, K.B.* By Edward Salmon. Illustrated. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. 6s. net.)
- Germany.* By A. W. Holland. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)
- The Letters of J. B. S. Morritt of Rokeby.* Edited by G. E. Marindin. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
- The History of England from the Accession of James the Second.* By Lord Macaulay, in Six Volumes, Illustrated. Vol. III. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
- A Child of the Orient.* By Demetra Vaka. With Portrait. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

## PERIODICALS.

- Cambridge University Reporter; Literary Digest; The Collegian; Revue Critique; Publishers' Circular; Revue Bleue; La Revue; Wednesday Review; Cambridge Magazine; The Theosophical Path; Bookseller.*